

THE LONELY LADY OF GROSVENOR SQUARE

BY MRS. HENRY DE LA PASTURE

CHAPTER XI

THE CONCERT

ON Wednesday afternoon Jeanne drove round the Park as usual, until it was time for the Duchess to be At Home.

The weather had become suddenly and severely cold, so that the place looked almost deserted.

The icy breath of the east wind swayed the topmost branches of the bare black trees; the benches on the frost-bitten paths were whitened over; the drooping shrubs hung their shrivelled leaves, and the scanty grass was hard and crystallised.

The children of the poor remained prudently away; and only the children of the upper classes were sent forth as usual, to brave the bitter cold; with purple cheeks and little scarlet noses they trotted along, wrapped in cloth and velvet; sometimes gaitered, sometimes with bare little blue legs that had much ado to keep pace with hurrying nurses and governesses.

Jeanne, in the comfortable close carriage, shivered in spite

of black fox rug and carpeted foot-warmer ; and in spite of the excitement of anticipation which made her cheeks burn. But Buckam and William on the box, each burying a scornful nose in the depths of his broad fur tippet, appeared unconscious of the inclemency of the weather.

Frost is pleasant enough when the sun shines brightly over snowy land and glistening bough, but Jeanne found it depressing indeed in this grey chill atmosphere, with a heavy pall of yellow fog visibly suspended above ; grimly waiting to descend upon London the moment the east wind should cease whistling among the chimney-pots, and sink to frozen sleep.

A long line of carriages was slowly passing before the front door of the Duchess of Monaghan's house in Park Lane, and Miss Marney's brougham took its place in the rank, with its frightened occupant ; who descended in her turn, and went into the warm and brightly lighted hall, and up the staircase, which was thronged but not crowded, with a goodly number of ladies and a very few gentlemen.

Among the velvets and silks and sables surrounding her, Jeanne in her plain black jacket and crape *toque*, looked, as she was, a little alien to fashion ; and began to wonder, rather miserably and nervously, why she had come at all, as she looked round her in vain for a friendly face.

But her name, or the garbled version of it which must pass muster when a foreign appellation is in question, was announced with the others, and she found herself shaking hands with her hostess in her turn.

Her awe of the Duchess amounted to terror, but her alarm was wasted ; the Duchess smiled at everybody and recognised nobody, for she was short-sighted to blindness ; and her glasses, without which she was helpless, had become entangled in the ruffles of her Mechlin *fichu*.

Jeanne had, happily, no time to utter the greetings and explanations which she had composed and rehearsed in the carriage, before finding herself seated on a little gilt chair in a

row of other little gilt chairs, and behind several large picture hats, through the chinks of which she ventured to peep; and beheld a grand piano, a group of palms, and a gentleman with long hair clasping a violoncello.

Where was the Duke? Where, oh where was kind cousin Denis?

Regardless of the fact that the hats and bonnets around her were stationary, Jeanne's little black *toque* bobbed up and down in the hope of discovering him.

Her efforts were presently rewarded, and she beheld him—though in the surrounding hum of conversation she could not hear him—politely conversing with another long-haired gentleman who was preparing to take his place at the piano.

As she looked, there jumped up and spoke to the Duke a young man so like him in face and colouring that Jeanne concluded it must be his brother. A tall, broad-shouldered young man, with the same fair hair and straight features, but as burly in figure and florid of colouring as Cousin Denis was slight and pale.

Jeanne suddenly realised, as the brothers stood side by side, what the Duke ought to have been like had it not been for the accident which had spoilt his life.

It *must* be his brother, she thought, and in the warmth of her heart, she addressed an interested inquiry on the subject to the lady who occupied the little gilt chair next to her own, on the left.

The lady—having paused to overcome her dismayed surprise at being addressed at all by a total stranger—answered rather shortly that the young man in question was Lord Dermot Liscarney, and turned her right shoulder to Jeanne as a sign that she was not prepared to continue this illicit intercourse. Thus another lesson found its way home to the timid soul of Jeanne, who knew not, that although in most civilised countries a stranger in a friend's house is the friend of your friend, and consequently your own, [at least during your sojourn under the same roof,] yet in England a stranger

in such circumstances—far from being treated with the extra courtesy due to his solitary position—must be solemnly and severely ostracised until the magic words of introduction have been spoken.

But Jeanne was as young in spirit as in appearance; and she presently recovered from this rebuff, in the excitement incidental to rusticity, of beholding a face she recognised in an unknown crowd.

Mrs. Wheler, smarter than ever, was seated at right angles to her in the middle of another row of gilt chairs, and Jeanne could not help bestowing upon her a timid, but friendly glance, which somehow managed to express recognition, greeting and apology for past errors, in one fleeting smile.

Mrs. Wheler's mechanical head bowed politely, before her dormant intellect had time to grasp the fact that this was a person whom she had no intention of admitting to her acquaintance at all; but Jeanne, happy in the salutation obtained, was spared the contemplation of Mrs. Wheler's after expression; for her attention was attracted elsewhere. The violoncello now began its plaintive song, and the well-bred crowd was instantly hushed into attentive silence.

Jeanne's experience of music had been hitherto confined almost entirely to the efforts of the choir at Pen-y-waun; the harmonium, played with tormenting inaccuracy by Mrs. Davies, and Cecilia's remarkable performances upon the pianoforte, diversified by variations upon the concertina executed by John Evans on Saturday nights, when Uncle Roberts could be persuaded to put up with the noise.

The brilliant exception to these deplorable experiences had been the visits of a strolling Welsh harpist to her uncle's farm, and the unaccompanied part-singing of the men in the village, whose souls were musical within them, though their voices lacked training, and who consequently sang a great deal better without Mrs. Davies and her harmonium than with them.

Thus the music of Schumann's *Träumerei*, played by a master-hand, took Jeanne unawares, and charmed her into an

utter forgetfulness of her surroundings, her nervousness, and her isolation in the midst of a crowd.

Breathless and entranced she listened, the tears dropping unheeded from her brown eyes on to the little black-gloved hands tightly clasped in her lap.

The great 'cellist, playing his little selection of the *Kinder-scenen*, had no such thrilled and absorbed listener, had he known it, as that ignorant country maiden, in all the musical and cultivated audience assembled before him.

When it was over, she came to herself with a start, and dried her tears and looked anxiously around her to see if any one had noticed them.

But when the audience had applauded the performer with subdued and regulated enthusiasm, the hum of conversation was renewed, and Jeanne found she might cry at will, for her neighbours were far too much absorbed in each other to observe her.

Impatiently she awaited the next item on the programme. A lady sang three German songs, one after the other, allowing a short pause for encouragement between each; but this time, though the applause was more enthusiastic, Jeanne remained unmoved; neither the voice of the singer, nor the words of a language she did not understand, appealed to her. She became conscious that the room was insufferably hot, in spite of its size; or was it only that she was shaken by her emotion, and needed fresh air to recover herself?

At the end of the third song she heard a voice behind her saying:

"Is the Duke going to play?"

"Oh, I suppose so," was the answer.

"He plays so delightfully."

"Quite charming. But I hope it will be Chopin."

"Oh! he plays his own compositions, sometimes, doesn't he? Aren't they good?"

"Excellent! But I prefer Chopin."

A laugh.

Jeanne felt aggrieved on her cousin's account. Why should Chopin be preferred ?

Perhaps she understood presently, when (with quite a glow of cousinly affection and sympathy) she saw the Duke mounting the low platform, and heard the slight demonstration of polite applause (in which poor Jeanne joined with all her might, indignant it should be no louder), as he took his seat before the piano. The long-haired gentleman shut down the music-holder, and propped open the top of the instrument.

The Duke had no affectations and no mannerisms ; yet he played brilliantly.

" Chopin," whispered the lady behind Jeanne.

And again Jeanne forgot where she was.

She thought of Louis sailing away over far seas, bound for the desert of Somaliland, full of hope, and youth, and courage ; this strange new Louis of the photograph, lean and soldierly in his khaki uniform ; grown from a merry boy to strong and serious manhood.

She thought how much she loved him, and of the days when they had climbed the Pen-y-waun Hills together to Coed-Ithel, and ridden the cart-horses to water, and hunted in cowsheds, hay-lofts, and barns, for hens' eggs ; and beaten the orchard trees to shake down the cider apples.

She thought of the first time he had left home, and gone, in the care of the headmaster who knew his history, and had taken a fancy to him, to live at the grammar-school at Tref-goch. A little chubby fellow of seven and a half ; even then determined to get the best education in his power ; even then master, though he knew it not, of his stubborn uncle's heart.

She remembered that she had walked five of the seven miles to town with the boy and the man, knowing that she must return alone to Coed-Ithel ; that the master had chanced to be looking another way when the little boy stood on tiptoe (for Jeanne was taller than her twin until they reached their teens, when he shot up far above her), and put his arms round his sister's neck, and said wistfully, " Good-bye Jenny " ; an

embrace which took her so by surprise—for Louis was at the age when kisses were displeasing to his manly dignity—that she had hardly responded at the time, though she wept at night afterwards when she recollected it.

The scene came back to her now with a vividness that surprised herself; the long white road by the river; the little boy with his dusty boots and cherub face; the small figure trotting into the distance by the big man's side; and occasionally turning to flutter a grimy little handkerchief . . . Louis, bravely trudging into the unknown, with a heart full of courage; and yet always that sweetness of regret for the sister he must leave behind, in that long vanished time, even as now. She was surprised at the force and strength of her imagination—until the Duke's music died away, and her emotions with it; and left her pale and quiet, realising that it was Chopin, after all, who had inspired and glorified her tender memories of the past.

She wished that the concert might last for ever, and was too much absorbed to notice that here and there were gaps in the audience now, where a few of the guests had melted away during the intervals; their places sometimes being filled by newcomers, and sometimes not.

Thus she did not perceive that the vacant chair on her right had been quietly taken, and she started violently as a voice in low tones addressed her by name,

"How do you do, Cousin Jeanne?" said the Duke.

He saw, immediately, the traces of tears on her long black lashes, and the perception made his voice especially gentle.

She instinctively lowered her own clear tones to correspond.

"Oh, Cousin Denis, I never heard anything like it. And *you* played Chopin."

"Are you particularly fond of Chopin?"

"I never heard of him. They said it was Chopin. But I shall always like him now. *Like!* What a tame word. I

shall always wonder at him, and love him, and reverence him—since he wrote music like that. I even forgot it was you who were playing.”

“I am very glad you forgot that,” he said simply.

“Is it nearly all over?”

“There is an instrumental quartette; and I am afraid that is all.”

“Ought I to go?” said Jeanne ingenuously.

“I hope every one will stay for that,” said the Duke, politely.

“It was very kind of the Duchess to invite me; do you think I ought to thank her? I am sure it was you who put it into her head.”

“She has these little concerts chiefly to please me,” said the Duke; “she does not care much for music herself.”

“And you—but I need not ask if *you* care——”

“I am afraid I care too much,” he said.

“Can one care too much?”

But the quartette began; and he only smiled at her, and said nothing.

She had no opportunity for thanking the Duchess, though she waited timidly for some moments, trying to do so; hovering on the outskirts of the little group who stood talking and laughing round their hostess, and who were evidently intimate friends.

Her cousin Denis waited at the head of the staircase for her, as she made her little efforts to approach his mother; and then smiled and made her a gentle sign, which she instantly obeyed.

She followed the down-stream, and watched his slow progress through the hall, and his courteous response to the greetings and compliments from one and another; then she heard him order a servant close to the hall door, to call her carriage; and he came back to her side.

“When may I come and see you again, cousin Jeanne?” said the Duke.

"Whenever you like," said Jeanne, happy in the recollection of her sensible uncle's permission.

"Then I will come to-morrow," said cousin Denis, with the little bow that half amused and half embarrassed Jeanne.

At home she found her first letters from Louis in Somaliland awaiting her; and the hopefulness and good spirits which inspired the writer immediately communicated themselves to her as she read.

. . . "*Here we are at last on terra firma. The country is open sandy desert, not nearly so hot as I expected, as there is a strong steady N.E. wind always blowing, so the nights are cool. We have a nice roomy camping-ground with good wells, and we are all in tents, a luxury we enjoy here for the last time, as no tents will be taken on the march . . . Saturday I rode out and shot a buck, there are plenty to be got about six miles inland; they are a kind of gazelle, and very good eating . . . This morning I wandered along the beautiful sandy beach, and watched the great green waves flinging their white manes about and felt all the love for the sea which I always experience when I'm on shore . . .*"

Then followed a spirited description of the ingenuity and handiness of the blue-jackets in swimming the horses ashore through the surf, which Jeanne only skimmed in her eagerness to arrive at the more personal parts of the letter.

. . . "*We are busy working out our transport—cheeseparing and weighing everything, and wondering what we can do without, and what if anything, we can possibly take . . . 500 camels arrived yesterday from Berbera, and some African boys for work—and another 500 are expected on another transport soon; they are swum or dragged ashore in the same way as the horses . . . My best chum writes congratulating me on coming here, and says what lots of fellows say, who have gone home, that England is a happy goal in the abstract, but a little disappointing in the realisation; he advises me to stick to every bit of active work I can get till I'm forty. This I am*

perfectly willing to do, but all his wisdom doesn't prevent from me sighing for a glimpse of you, my Jeannie, and I'm a bit impatient to be up and off. . . . For from the day we leave Obbia I shall feel I am trekking towards you—and happiness."

"It is really almost as though he had started on the journey home," cried Jeanne, beaming with joy, and oblivious of the long stretches of waterless burning desert yet to be traversed before Louis could set sail for England.

"Yes, ma'am, I'm glad indeed, and when does the young master think to be at home?" said Dunham, who now evinced more interest in Louis than in any other human creature.

"He says he hopes probably in the early summer, so far as can be foreseen. Oh, Mrs. Dunham, I have had such a delightful afternoon, and now these letters to keep me company all the evening," said Jeanne. "And—that reminds me," she added nervously, "that the Duke said he would come and see me to-morrow. And I wanted to ask you—*do* you think Mrs. Pyke would mind very much if the pictures were uncovered? The Duke said he would like to see them. If it would not be giving too much trouble, and if you think Mrs. Pyke would not mind?"

"It's you that's mistress here, ma'am, not Pyke, I hope," said Mrs. Dunham, with a sudden access of deference for which Jeanne was at a loss to account. "And if she's not well enough to see to it—and what can be expected at her age?—I'll speak to the housemaids myself. It's time everything in the galleries was uncovered again, for poor Miss Marney always had it done from time to time; and since we had the electric light put into the house, she used to like to see the saloons all lit up now and then. I'll send round to Storr and Warner, the furniture people, at once," said Dunham, suavely. "When did you say his Grace would be here?"

"To-morrow; I think—about tea-time," said Jeanne.

"Then I daresay you'll wish tea served in the music-room for a change; and the fires lighted. I'll speak to Hewitt and

to the head housemaid. We can easily get it done in time, Miss Jane, between us."

It needed but the approval of Dunham to fill the cup of the lonely lady's felicity full, to overflowing.

CHAPTER XII

THE PARTY IN THE PICTURE-GALLERY

HEWITT mounted the echoing stone staircase with considerate deliberation, and ushered the Duke into the middle of the three communicating saloons on the drawing-room floor.

The tapestry chairs and sofas had been uncovered; and the great folding doors had all been thrown open, so that a long broad gallery was formed; brilliantly lighted, and hung with pictures from end to end.

The music-room was the largest of the three lofty and spacious saloons; and the little figure in black, seated behind a low table and a steaming urn, at the far end of the gallery, looked quite a long way off, and very solitary.

But Jeanne came hurrying forward between the long lines of full-length portraits, and greeted her cousin warmly on the threshold of the music-room.

"I had the furniture uncovered, and the curtains drawn, and the lights turned on, all for you," she said, delighted, "so that you can look at the pictures, or play on the piano, or whatever you choose. Mrs. Dunham was so kind about it; she said everything should be arranged properly just as though we were giving a party."

"It is very kind of you to invite me to your party," he said, laughing, "though I am afraid, now I come to think of it, that I invited myself!"

"I am At Home, like the Duchess," said Jeanne, seriously, "and I am very glad you have come. Do you know," she looked round her a little fearfully, "it was rather ghostly before you came, with these ladies and gentlemen watching

me from the walls, all lighted up and looking so life-like. I felt a little as if I were *really* giving a party, and as if only dead people were at it. You may imagine how nice it was to see a real live human being come in. It feels quite different now, even if one's voice does echo through the rooms more than one could wish."

"You must be very lonely indeed, living by yourself in this big house," said the Duke, wonderingly.

"I am getting used to it, and I do not mind nearly so much now that I sleep on the top floor close to the maids. When first I came they put me in the corner room *there*," she pointed to the closed doors behind her, "quite by myself on this storey. I was dreadfully nervous at night; though less nervous than I should have been if I had known that all the Marneys of Orsett who ever lived were lining these walls, trying to stare through their shrouds," she shuddered slightly.

"I am sure it is bad for you," said the Duke. "Isn't there some one, who could come here and take care of you; you look much too young to be here all alone?"

"It is my duty to take care of the house and the furniture—and I am only alone till Louis comes home," she said wistfully, "I am waiting—waiting—always waiting for him. Sometimes it seems very long."

"How do you occupy yourself?" said the Duke, accepting the tea and cake she offered.

"I *don't* occupy myself very much," she answered, honestly. "You see I am accustomed to a very different kind of life, Cousin Denis. I have always lived on a farm, and helped in all kinds of household work; and here there is nothing of that kind to be done. So I am very dull and unoccupied."

"But there are other kinds of work besides farm work," said the Duke, in a tone of gentle raillery.

She shook her head.

"I have found none."

"You read?"

"I tried," said Jeanne, "as soon as the book-cases were

unlocked. But you have no idea what dull old books they are. All f's instead of s's, and most difficult to understand. Mrs. Dunham says Aunt Caroline used to subscribe to a circulating library, but Uncle Roberts would be so shocked at my reading novels; and I felt, too, I might be getting the wrong ones without Louis to guide me. He used to send me books sometimes. But I know those almost by heart. He sent me cheap editions of what he says are classical standard works, and yet delightful to read, and poetry. And when he went mad over 'Cyrano de Bergerac' (he is always enthusiastic over some book or other) he sent me a copy of that, and implored me to read it. But my French is so *very* bad."

"You could improve it," he suggested.

"I finished my education at sixteen," said Jeanne, quite seriously. "You see," she explained, "I shared Cecilia's lessons at the Rectory till she was eighteen, and then she married; so, of course, the governess went away, and I could learn no more. I don't believe she knew French very well herself, either."

"Then I should be the more inclined to take lessons now," said the Duke, always with the same sound of raillery, half amused, half tender, in his voice.

"But I am twenty-five," said Jeanne.

"So am I—but I am still very busy learning things I don't know."

She smiled.

"I never thought of it, I never heard of people taking lessons at twenty-five!"

"Think of it now; and I will, if you like, find somebody who will be very glad to give you lessons."

"Thank you, Cousin Denis. It is an excellent idea," said Jeanne, gratefully, "and it will help to pass the time till Louis comes home. Do you think I could learn to speak it really well before June?"

"I think you could learn a great deal."

"How glad Louis would be. *He* knows it very well

indeed, but then he is so clever at languages. He worked at French and German with all his might when he was cramming for Sandhurst. But I am clever at nothing, and though I boast of my French descent I can scarcely speak a dozen words of what should be my native language."

"London affords plenty of facilities for most studies," said the Duke, "if I were you I should lose not a moment, but begin at once whilst I had so much time on my hands. I noticed yesterday you were fond of music. Can you play?"

"Not a note."

"I'm afraid I'm rather glad! It is so much better not to play at all than to play a little," said the Duke, whimsically.

"But you can sing?"

"Oh yes, I can sing; but not like the lady who sang at your concert."

"Heaven forbid," said the Duke, with great fervour. "Still, as I played to you at *my* party, I hope you will sing to me at yours."

"I know more hymns than songs," said Jeanne, "but I can sing *Rock Me to Sleep*, *Mother*, and *We are coming*, *Sister Mary*, and one or two songs like that, if you don't mind my singing without an accompaniment?"

"I hope you will let me accompany you."

"But I have no music."

"I think I can manage to improvise, if you sing nothing very difficult," he said smiling.

She looked at him respectfully, now feeling sure that he must be a genius.

"It is very easy to sing in an empty room, I find," said Jeanne, when the last echoes of her clear soprano voice had died away.

The Duke sprang from the music seat, and took her hand impetuously.

"Cousin Jeanne, promise me you will never take any singing lessons."

"I did not know I needed any," said Jeanne astonished, and without any idea of the depths of ignorance she thus naïvely revealed.

He laughed, and laughed again; but always with the same kindness—almost tenderness, in his blue eyes, which made his laughter pleasant to hear.

"Is it bad, my singing?" she asked, laughing in sympathy, and without any anxiety as to his reply. To Jeanne there were but two kinds of singing. One was in tune, and one was not; and she knew she sang in tune.

"It is charming. That is why I should be so sorry to see you learning to make faces, and produce your voice properly. You sing like the peasants in Italy—naturally (only not through your nose, as they do); you sing like a thrush in the fields, or a lark in the sky—without an effort or a thought. And your voice is as sweet and as true as—your heart."

"Oh, Cousin Denis!" said Jeanne, rather shocked, and yet half-pleased.

"I could not have said all that, you know—if I had not been your cousin," said the Duke, with his funny little bow. "You are not angry with me for saying it, I hope?"

"How could I be angry? It sounded very—very nice, only rather poetical," said Jeanne, blushing.

He did not answer this, but turned to the piano again, and his fingers presently wandered into an old melody, which he took as the theme of an improvisation—and played rather stormily throughout the removal of the tea things, by Hewitt and William on tip-toe.

"And now for the pictures," he said.

"I cannot tell you much about them," said Jeanne, rather sadly, "for though the names of the people are written on the backs of all the portraits—luckily—they are much too heavy to move. And no one is left who knows anything about them, now Aunt Caroline is dead, except Mrs. Pyke, and Mrs. Dunham thinks *she* is getting rather childish. They didn't dare tell her even about the uncovering of the pictures."

"If I were you I would not have them covered up again. It is not usual to cover up pictures. Suppose one of the more valuable ones were cut out of the frame ; why, no one would be any the wiser. Such things have happened."

"I will certainly keep them uncovered," said Jeanne, in alarm. "Aunt Caroline had a mania for covering up everything, even her hands ;" she thought of the white kid gloves. "Mr. Valentine said that some of these paintings were very valuable indeed, but that some were only copies of great pictures."

"Here are two fine Van Dycks," said the Duke, pointing out a cavalier Marney and his dame, "and that must certainly be a Sir Joshua. I saw some wonderful Dutch landscapes as I came in."

"Did you like them ?" said Jeanne, surprised. "I thought them very ugly."

Though she could tell her Cousin Denis so little about the pictures, it presently appeared that he could tell her a great deal.

He recognised the work of various artists, and was evidently delighted to examine it in detail. She followed him from one picture to another in great amaze. Louis knew nothing about pictures !

"Do you really mean you don't like this Dutch merry-making ?" he cried. "This is Jan Steen. Look at his peasants' homely faces, overflowing with satisfaction. Or this old schoolmaster by Van Ostade. Or this charming courtyard with the light streaming through the doorway, of de Hooche ?"

"It is all Greek to me," she said honestly. "But I see that when one looks into them they grow more interesting. I like better the pictures in the last room. Oh, this painting of a village street is one of those which Mr. Valentine told me was so valuable."

"It is a Hobbema," said the Duke, instantly.

He tore himself away, but reluctantly, from the Dutch collection ; and followed Jeanne to the last room, which

contained a few fine copies of famous Italian works, and a landscape of Corot's, on the end wall. It was not, however, to these that Jeanne directed his attention, but to the pictures which crowded both sides of the gallery.

Here were displayed examples of English modern art in oil and water-colour; *genre* pictures and landscapes, painted by the most famous artists of the day, and crowded together in very inartistic confusion.

True to her principles, poor Miss Caroline Marney had spent all her superfluous income, in bringing the family collection of pictures up to date.

"I like these by far the best," said Jeanne, lifting her brown honest eyes to the Duke's face, "and more especially do I like the landscapes; because they seem real to me, and true to nature, and I can understand them."

She showed him the miniatures of her French ancestors, and told him the sad little story of their lives and deaths; and the time sped so quickly that when Cousin Denis at last remembered to look at his watch, he found it almost dinner-time, and rose full of confusion and apology to take his leave.

"Time flies so fast in company," sighed Jeanne.

"What shall you do now—when I leave you?" he asked.

"I shall go down and have my dinner. I am obliged to have late dinner every night," said poor Jeanne, "or Mrs. Dunham says it would give the servants nothing to do, and be very bad for them."

"You dine alone?"

"Quite alone."

"Are you always alone at meals?" he cried, compassionately.

"Up to the present I have been; but on Saturday Cecilia and her husband are coming to dine. They could not come before," she explained, "because Mr. Hogg-Watson had not a free evening."

"Is that Hogg-Watson, the lecturer? I heard him the other night. He is very clever."

"You seem to know everything and everybody," said Jeanne, with great admiration. "I cannot think how you came to know so much about pictures?"

"I know very little; but you see I am debarred from the active amusements fellows of my age usually have to distract them, so I've had to find my interest in other things; travelling, art, music, and so forth," he said, in a matter-of-fact tone, but Jeanne divined that the subject of his infirmity was a painful one.

"I suppose you would not—I wonder if you would—is it proper to ask *you* to come and dine on Saturday too?" said Jeanne, wistfully. "You are so kind you would tell me if I were making another mistake in asking you. But when I told Mrs. Dunham about the Hogg-Watsons coming, she said I ought to have a fourth, and make the table even. I was afraid she would be rather annoyed with me for letting them come, so soon (comparatively) after poor Aunt Caroline's death; but she said nothing under six people could be counted as a dinner-party; it *could* only be a little dinner, and it would be a relief to her to think Hewitt and William had something extra to do."

"I think it would be exceedingly proper to ask me," said the Duke, promptly, "and I will certainly come. Thank you very much."

"Thank *you*," said Jeanne, joyfully. "I was so afraid you might be engaged like the Professor; but I suppose you are not celebrated, as he is. I will write you a little note, and tell you about the time and everything. Now I shall look forward to it. I *was* feeling rather nervous, for I have never been used to late dinner at all, till I came here, far less asked any one to dine with me. But now you will sit at the head of the table in Louis' place; and perhaps you will be kind enough to frown at me if I do anything wrong."

"With pleasure," said the Duke. "And I shall like to get the little note. Be sure you don't forget to send it."

"I never forget anything," said Jeanne, in simple good faith.

As the Duke drove home to dress, as fast as a hansom could take him, he noted in his pocket-book the necessity for telegraphing his excuses immediately to the country house where he was engaged to stay, for the approaching week-end.

CHAPTER XIII

THE LITTLE DINNER

"You had best wear black grenadine, ma'am," said Dunham. "That is light, yet not too light. It is well over the two calendar months now, and you need not mind having an evening dress made simple, without any crape at all. We can go to the dressmaker in Mount Street, who did plain things for my poor lady. She would have liked to know you was employing her. And if I passed her the word as it was something special, she would make you up a plain gown in two days."

"I thought I should like black velvet," said Jeanne, but diffidently. "It has been almost the dream of my life to have a velvet dress,"

"Well, 'm, I suppose it's a dream as comes to every woman sooner or later, gentle or simple. Years upon years I used to wonder if I'd ever get a silk gown, and no sooner had I got it, than I couldn't keep my thoughts off velvet myself, though unsuitable. But you're too young for it yet, Miss Jane, or too young-looking, which comes to the same thing."

"I want it to be as nice as possible," said Jeanne, anxiously. "As it's my first real evening dress, you know."

"And who would make up a Genoa velvet, as it should be made, in two days? Besides it's being nothing at all without good lace—which I daren't give you out (though your poor aunt had plenty put by)—without the young master's leave, for it's worth its weight in gold; and he'll be wanting it for *his* lady one of these days; as is his right, Miss Jane," said

Dunham, who always spoke as though she were safeguarding the interests of Louis from any possible inroads his sister might be tempted to make, during his absence. "No, it must be grenadine, and nothing else."

So it was grenadine, and when Jeanne looked in the glass and beheld herself for the first time in an evening gown, she was not inclined to quarrel with the result.

In accordance with the Duke's advice, and after consultation with Mr. Valentine, she had induced the servants to refrain from re-covering the pictures, and then and thereafter Jeanne passed no inconsiderable portion of her endless leisure in the saloons, where she became familiar with the Dutch landscapes so much appreciated by her cousin Denis, and began to like them a little, after all.

"You must receive your guests in the morning-room ma'am, and after dinner it will be something to do to go up to the galleries and look at the pictures, especially as his Grace is so fond of them; and to play the piano in the music-room, said Dunham, anxiously instructing the frightened hostess. "I'm sure nothing could look nicer than you do, Miss Jane. It would please Mrs. Pyke if we asked her to step up and see you. When my poor lady was dressed for the Opera or the Drawing-room, they was all let to come and look at her."

"Oh, Mrs. Dunham, I shall never be worth looking at like poor Aunt Caroline must have been. Even in her sick room she was just like a picture," said Jeanne, humbly.

"That was nothing to what she *could* look, when she had the family jewels on."

"Are they very beautiful?"

"They're very valuable, 'm, and it was always a load off my mind when they was safe at the bank as they are now. For many's the time I've shook in my shoes thinking how easily we might have our throats cut in our beds if evil-disposed persons knew what was in the house."

Jeanne submitted nervously to the ordeal of being exhibited by Dunham to Mrs. Pyke and the four housemaids who

walked round her in a solemn and awestruck silence ; not so much afraid of her, as of Mrs. Pyke and Dunham, whose eyes were upon them.

Pyke, in her thin tremulous voice, expressed her pleasure and admiration ; but the housemaids knew their place too well to speak at all. They made up for this discretion by imparting their opinions afterwards to each other, with the utmost freedom.

"Nothing but a plain black evening dress, hardly even cut low to speak of—an old-fashioned grenadine!" said one disappointed maiden.

"The young ladies in my last place wore the same every night of their lives, and we never took any notice. But I suppose that old Dunham thinks anything is a treat to us," said another.

"Poor thing," said the youngest housemaid. "She's pretty, isn't she, with her neck and arms so white, and her eyes and hair so dark?"

"She has a lovely colour," the first housemaid agreed ; "but she's no way with her, not a bit. Just a simple little thing! Any one could tell she came out of the country and never been nowhere nor seen nobody."

"You take care what you say, Eliza ; for Mr. Hewitt told William it's his belief she'll be Duchess of Monaghan one of these days."

"I'm sure I hope she will, then," said the youngest housemaid sympathetically ; "for she always looks kind and gentle at me as if she'd speak if she dared. But that Dunham's got her under her thumb. I wouldn't be ordered about in my own brother's house, if I was in her place ; no, I wouldn't."

Meanwhile Jeanne—unconscious of the calmness with which her person, and the possibilities of her future, were being discussed by the younger inmates of the household—took her place on the hearthrug of the morning-room, and anxiously awaited her expected guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Hogg-Watson were the first to arrive,

and she stepped forward, with some trepidation, to greet them.

Her alarm was not diminished by Cecilia's first communication, made with that rapidity and secrecy which is peculiar to intimate female friendship; and quite unsuspected by the tall spectacled gentleman following in her wake, who merely beheld a tender prolonged embrace between his wife and her hostess.

"He is in one of his worst moods," breathed Cecilia in Jeanne's ear; "be very careful what you say."

Jeanne shook hands with Mr. Hogg-Watson, after this warning, without daring to lift her eyes to his face; and was relieved that he said nothing worse than, "How do you do?" and thankful that he immediately turned his attention to the Romney portrait over the mantelpiece, leaving his wife to make as much or as little conversation as she chose.

"I declare, Jeanne, what a delightful room! Crammed with hothouse flowers, you extravagant creature! And all this Louis Quinze furniture, or is it Louis Seize? I never know the difference. Isn't it charming, Joseph?"

Receiving no response but a grunt to this incautious appeal, she nodded and winked expressively at Jeanne behind the professor's stooping shoulders, and continued her cheerful remarks.

"I do think you are the luckiest person in the whole world. Never did any one's past contrast so vividly with their present as yours. When I remember what you were at Coed-Ithel farm in your early days—and look at you now!"

Jeanne could not help thinking that Cecilia presented quite as remarkable a contrast to what she had been in early days, as she did herself.

Whether she recalled her as a prim little girl in a blue cotton pinafore, with a fair pigtail, feeding the Rectory fowls; or as a tall young person in a home-made blue merino and a plain straw hat, leading the choir in church, and walking with her father to visit school and cottages, setting a demure

example in neatness to the village girls; it seemed equally impossible to connect the memory with the Mrs. Hogg-Watson of the present.

Cecilia's golden hair was now elaborately waved, dressed, and perfumed; and ornamented by a large diamond star.

She wore the black velvet of poor Jeanne's dreams; but far from thinking it necessary to shroud herself in the old lace which Mrs. Dunham had declared to be an indispensable adjunct—she had boldly courted the contrast between the severely cut tight-fitting black velvet, and the snowy white of her neck and shoulders.

Modest Jeanne blushed when she perceived so large a proportion of Cecilia's charms unveiled; and she thought of the horror which would overcome poor Mrs. Davies could she behold her daughter thus excessively *décolletée*. But Cecilia mistook her friend's anguished glance for envy, and smiled inwardly at the contrast presented by her own highly finished *toilette*, to the quiet unornamented gown of the little rustic Jeanne, who appeared quite unable to rise to the opportunities afforded her by her brother's fine house and ample fortune.

"I have invited my cousin to meet you, Cecilia," said Jeanne, timidly, "to make a fourth."

"Your cousin! What cousin! I did not know you had a cousin!" said Cecilia, with lively curiosity. "Who is he?"

"The Duke of Monaghan."

"The Duke of——!" Cecilia opened her mouth and was yet speechless.

"He is a very distant cousin, but he was related to poor Aunt Caroline ——," said Jeanne, hastily, "and he has heard the prof—your hus—Mr. Hogg-Watson lecture."

At the word lecture, the great man turned round, and brought his eyes slowly to the level of Jeanne's countenance as she sat, nervously perched on the extreme edge of her aunt's low chair, by the occasional table.

"Where was that?" he said.

"I do not think he said where."

The Professor emitted another slight grunt and returned to the picture.

"Isn't he just what I told you?" asked Cecilia, in mute pantomime of eyes and fingers.

Jeanne made a gesture signifying that it was too early for her to offer an opinion of the professor's character. So far she must be content to own, that from his appearance, Cecilia was justified in having described him as an ugly and powerful man; of his fascinating qualities he had, as yet, certainly afforded her no evidence.

The entrance of the Duke relieved Jeanne of much embarrassment.

Cousin Denis was at once so quiet, so self-possessed, and so helpful, that she felt her heart expand in sudden grateful recognition of his good breeding.

He recalled the subject and the occasion of the Professor's lecture so pleasantly, that the great man's brow cleared; for the compliments of a Duke, even though he be but a young one, are usually acceptable to the average Britisher; and Mr. Hogg-Watson, his learning and celebrity notwithstanding, was but an average Britisher after all.

Far from being too much shocked by the scantiness of her bodice (as Jeanne had almost feared Cousin Denis might be), to even look at Cecilia, he offered her his arm with an engaging smile, when Hewitt announced dinner, the instant he perceived that Jeanne was at a loss; and remarking that in the absence of his cousin Louis he had been requested to take his place, led her across the hall to the great dining-room, where the table laid for four persons appeared but as a small island in the midst of a wide sea of *parquet* flooring.

Jeanne followed with the Professor, observing thankfully that his glance at her, when he gave her his arm, was not an unkind one.

After all, she was by no means so certain of his ugliness.

A very fine pair of intent grey eyes shone behind his

glasses; a shock of hair, between grey and flaxen, fell over his broad forehead; and if his nose were surprisingly long and beaky, so were the noses, she reflected, of many great men; whilst his massive uneven profile, and wide mouth, even though rather grim, were not destitute of humour.

Long before the end of dinner Jeanne found herself wondering why he had married Cecilia.

If Mrs. Hogg-Watson had been content to be herself—lively, talkative, inconsequent, and more than a little vulgar—it is possible she might have succeeded in amusing the Duke of Monaghan very well. But though this end was the object of her constant endeavour throughout the meal, she unfortunately missed attaining it; through her assumption of a personality which did not belong to her.

Jeanne—who did not know that Cecilia was trying to play the rôle of a smart woman of society—listened to her affected, coquettish, and sometimes *risquée* conversation, with a countenance more expressive of surprise and dismay than she knew.

She did not recognise the type which Cecilia was endeavouring, from the most superficial observation, to emulate; and in her simplicity, was heartily ashamed of her friend.

Every now and then the Professor broke in upon his wife's statements with a flat contradiction; but these interruptions, however they might embarrass the Duke and his cousin Jeanne, appeared not to ruffle the complacency of Cecilia in the slightest degree.

"My husband is never happy except when he's travelling, Duke. And I am afraid I am a shockingly old-fashioned wife," said Cecilia, archly, "for I often go with him, instead of staying at home, where I should have a much better time; now shouldn't I?"

"I dislike travelling more than anything in the world," growled the Professor, breaking off his remarks to Jeanne, and casting a look of positive dislike across the table at his communicative spouse.

"Ah! so you say. But 'facts is facts' and though we have

but just returned from South America, we are going to spend the summer in Berlin."

"I am not going to Berlin," stated Mr. Hogg-Watson; "or if I do go, I shall go alone."

"We shall see about that when the time comes," said Cecilia, more coquettishly than ever. Perhaps it was her affectation which made her seem less handsome in Jeanne's eyes to-night, than she had appeared in her own house.

"Your name is French. It is historical. There have been great men of that name," said Mr. Hogg-Watson to Jeanne, abruptly. "Have you not relatives in France? Or is it Jersey that you come from?"

"No, we have nothing to do with Jersey. My ancestors were French," said Jeanne, delighted at his choice of a subject.

"You speak French very well, I suppose?"

"I can scarcely speak it at all. And I have never been in France," said Jeanne, rather sorrowfully.

"I am sure, Jeanne, you know French almost as well as I do," said Cecilia, with encouraging patronage. "Your little cousin and I were brought up together, you know," she said, turning to the Duke.

"At least you know enough to be aware how little you know," said the Professor, ignoring his wife. "That is a preliminary to learning more. Your name is familiar to me, because a man of that name was killed in the Boer War."

"Are you sure?" said Jeanne, much excited. "My brother was in the Boer War, but he was certainly not killed. Not even wounded, I am thankful to say. Surely Louis would have heard of it."

"It is as I say," said the Professor, shortly.

"Please tell me about it," said Jeanne, abashed. "We always hoped there might possibly be descendants of Charles de Courset, my great-great-uncle who stayed at home when his brother emigrated. Louis hoped some day for time and means to search them out. He would be so interested to know. But how came a Frenchman to be fighting for us?"

"He was not fighting for us, but for the Boers."

"For the Boers!"

"Early in 1900," said the Professor, "the French volunteer, General de Villebois-Mareuil—in command of the foreign legion—was killed at Boshof. You heard of that, I presume?"

"Yes, yes," said Jeanne, breathlessly.

"I was present at his funeral. He was a brave man. He was buried with military honours. Some of his companions were killed, some wounded, and some taken prisoners. I helped to attend a wounded prisoner, because I happened to speak French fluently. His name was de Courset. This conveyed nothing to me at the time, of course, for I am not aware that I had ever heard your name mentioned."

She thought he cast a withering glance across the table at Cecilia, who reddened slightly, but was obliged to be silent; for the Duke had turned towards Mr. Hogg-Watson, and was listening with obvious interest to his recital.

"I remember," said the Professor—he looked only at Jeanne's eyes—"this poor fellow interested me more than the others, by his courage—heroism indeed, in bearing the pain that I—" She turned so white that he skilfully changed the ending of the phrase—"cut as short as possible by placing him under anæsthetics. He was devoted to his leader; in fact they all were. I saw a little gold medal worn by poor de Villebois-Mareuil inscribed, 'To a great Frenchman, from the companions of his daughter.' De Courset told me that his own daughter had been one of these companions, and the friend of the poor General's child."

"Did he die?" said Jeanne, hardly above a whisper.

"It was impossible to save him," said the Professor. His gruff voice was quite kind. "He was laid by the side of de Villebois-Mareuil, as he wished, at Boshof."

"I must write and tell Louis," said Jeanne. "He will not lose a moment when he comes home, in following up such a clue. We will never rest till we find our family. Did he tell

you where his daughter lived? Or give you messages or letters for her?"

"He confided everything of that kind to his comrades, no doubt," said the Professor. "His things were sent to Pretoria with the rest."

"Thank you very very much for telling me about it, Professor," said Jeanne.

She forgot her shyness, and awe of Cecilia's husband, and spoke as earnestly and naturally as though she had been addressing Louis himself; or Cousin Denis, with whom she was quite at her ease.

Mr. Hogg-Watson was by no means insensible to the charms of simplicity; he thawed completely; or perhaps the excellence of the dinner had softened his mood.

"Where is this brother, may I ask?"

"In Somaliland." Jeanne could hardly forbear a reproachful look towards her friend. Had she not thought it worth while to mention to her husband, that Louis was now, perhaps even at this moment—risking his life in the service of his country?

The Professor looked grave.

"It is not a nice place."

"He had only just arrived when he wrote. He was at Obbia; and he said it was not nearly such a bad climate as he expected. Quite the contrary," said Jeanne, anxiously. "He is used to India, you know, and he has been all through the South African War. This will be quite a short expedition, Louis thinks."

"I hope you will get him home very soon," said the Professor, and this time his voice sounded more cheerful.

All the smiles and signs of Cecilia failed to explain to Jeanne that the moment had now come when a move must be made, and that it was upon her that the duty of making it devolved.

Hewitt—too stupid to whisper to his young lady the hint that Mrs. Dunham, in his place, would not have scrupled to bestow—brought in coffee; and they drank it; he handed

round cigarettes and cigars—and still Jeanne sat quietly on ; until the tact of her watchful cousin was again exerted on her behalf.

“Perhaps, Cousin Jeanne, you will give us leave to smoke down here, when you and Mrs. Hogg-Watson withdraw the light of your presence,” he said, smiling at her across the table.

“Oh, yes, certainly,” she cried in confusion ; and Cecilia, rising very thankfully, put her arm through her friend’s, and led her playfully out of the room ; the Duke politely opening the door, and closing it behind them.

“My dear ! Didn’t you see me ? I couldn’t catch your eye. You should have bowed to me long ago. But however, it doesn’t matter”—cutting short Jeanne’s distressed apologies for her unwitting omission. “I was dying to get away and talk to you. I am simply *pinning* to know what you think of Joseph. He was quite *épris* with you. But that is his way. You mustn’t think anything of it. He is always taken with every fresh face he meets ; and then people think him charming ! I only wish they knew what he was like at home. I assure you he was like a bear in the brougham. But I suppose men are always like that with the women they really care for,” said Cecilia, with a sharp glance at Jeanne’s innocent face.

“He seemed very kind,” was all poor Jeanne could reply ; for Cecilia’s tones made her uncomfortable, though she could not tell why.

“As for your poor little lame Duke,” said Mrs. Hogg-Watson, condescendingly. “He is a nice little thing. I quite liked him, though he was rather heavy in hand. I remember all about his family now. One way and another I get to hear most people’s history. I believe he was mixed up in some Gaiety scandal ; but I may be confusing him with somebody else. Anyway, I know he doesn’t get on with his mother. I believe she quite hates the sight of him, on account of his club foot.”

"Oh Cecilia, not really," cried Jeanne, without pausing to consider whether this item were more likely to be accurate than the rest of Cecilia's intelligence.

"No wonder, when the others are such fine athletic men," said Cecilia, tossing her head. "I saw one of them play in a cricket match once. That is why I inquired all about the family. Lord Brian something was his name."

"But he was not born with a club foot," said Jeanne, bethinking herself. "He fell downstairs in this very house, and injured his spine—when he was a little boy. And Cecilia, I think you must be mistaken, for nothing could be more friendly than his mother's manner to him when I saw them together."

"Do you know the Duchess?" This time the jealousy in Cecilia's voice was unmistakable.

"I can't say I *know* her, but I have been to her house—to an At Home; and she left a card here, but she did not ask to come in," said scrupulous Jeanne.

"Well, then of course you know her. I wish you would get *me* an invitation to her house," said Cecilia. "Bless me, Jeanne, if only I had your opportunities I should be at the top of the tree in no time, and know every one in London."

"I thought you had so many friends."

"I said—'of a kind,'" said Cecilia, discontentedly. "And I have trouble enough to keep even them together. I wasted a guinea on that announcement in the *Morning Post*, hoping it would bring in a few invitations; and all that came of it was a shoal of letters for Joseph, which he won't let me so much as open."

She looked enviously round the music-room, into which Jeanne now conducted her.

"All these pictures must be worth a mint of money. You will see, Joseph will go straight to look at them the instant he comes up here, and we shall get no more fun out of him at all. However, there will be the Duke for you and me to talk to. It is a pity he is so young. Do you see much of him,

by the bye?" with an elaborate carelessness of manner and that sharp side glance of which Jeanne was becoming acutely conscious. "Does he come often?"

"He has only been twice before," said Jeanne, coldly.

She was vaguely offended by the meaning tone which Cecilia adopted in speaking of her kind Cousin Denis.

Oh, why had she asked Cecilia here? Why had she ever sought her out at all? Would it not have been wiser, remembering her as an odious little girl, to have shunned her altogether as a woman?

"Well, I warn you, I shall monopolise him when he comes upstairs, just as I did at dinner," said Cecilia, with an exasperating laugh. "If he wants to talk to *you*, you know, he can very easily outstay us. Joseph never stops up late if he can possibly help it."

The entrance of the Duke and Mr. Hogg-Watson came as a relief; and his wife's prophecy was fulfilled, for the Professor was immediately absorbed in the Dutch landscapes.

Cousin Denis went straight to the piano, and began to play, unasked.

He saw Jeanne's troubled brow, and his music presently charmed the shadows from her downcast pensive face; but he did not ask her to sing to-night; he played quietly on and on.

Nevertheless, he did not outstay Mr. and Mrs. Hogg-Watson, but rose from the piano at half-past ten, and bade Jeanne good night in a very kind and gentle tone.

Mrs. Hogg-Watson, on the tapestry settee, was yawning unrestrainedly. She cared neither for pictures nor for music, and thought it very rude of Jeanne to attend more earnestly to her cousin's playing than to her friend's whispered confidences.

"Of course she is doing her best to catch him; but I do not feel sure she will succeed, though he is evidently a dreadful prig," reflected Cecilia, as she shook hands warmly with the Duke and begged him to call upon her.

"Thank you very much. You are exceedingly kind," he

said, and Jeanne learnt with surprise that Cousin Denis could be frigid as well as polite when he chose.

When they had all gone, she sat alone in the silent gallery among the dead Marneys of Orsett, the sombre Dutch pictures, and the modern landscapes which filled the wintry night with visions of summer skies, and woods and streams and poppled fields, and cried a little, softly, over the failure of her dinner-party.

"I think I never, never hated anything so much," she thought, miserably. "What was the good of my pretty frock, or the beautiful dinner that kept Mrs. Pyke and the cook awake all night planning it; or the trouble poor Hewitt took to arrange the daffodils on the table, or kind kind cousin Denis coming to help me, or anything—when Cecilia was so horrid. Oh, poor Aunt Caroline, this just shows how very unfit I am to entertain anybody in your beautiful house. But it will all be quite different—when Louis comes home."

(To be continued)

BEFORE SOCIALISM

BEFORE the Socialist revolution there must be a social revolution. There must be an operation for the removal of the human instinct of self-preservation, for which we shall have no more use than we now have for the caudal appendix. The English habit of self-assertion must also be eradicated ! The change will go far deeper than our economics. It will be ethical, psychological, and, apparently, physical, or, at least, constitutional. These are some of the things—and, obviously, not the least important—which are not dreamt of in the philosophy of the average ebullient Socialist. But Mr. Keir Hardie has made them plain. It is the good use of the I.L.P. leader that where other Socialists are vaguely diffuse he defines and determines, is precise and pointed. Replying to the now notorious intervention of the Master of Elibank illustrating the old political saw that Junior Whips rush in where Front Bench Ministers fear to tread, Mr. Keir Hardie has taken pity upon the confused controversialists and once and for all supplied the authoritative definition of that hitherto elusive term "Socialism" :

Socialism represents the principles taught by Christ, the reign of love and fraternity ; Liberalism represents fierce, unscrupulous strife and competition, the aggrandisement of the strong, the robbery of the weak. Between these there can be no truce. The struggle is between God and Mammon, and Liberalism has ever been a devotee of Mammon.

Socialism, therefore, is of the supernatural. Liberalism, and

the other "isms," which deal with the material world of politics, could scarcely hope to come creditably out of such an exigent comparison. But they have always held modest views of what is possible to political effort. It has been left for Socialism to assert a supernatural origin and to claim spiritual efficacy. Yet "the reign of love and fraternity," whilst a beautiful ideal, will be regarded, even by the Socialist rank and file, as a somewhat visionary substitution for that redistribution of goods which has hitherto had a prominent place in the Socialist programme. Expropriation of capital seems to have been postponed, if not entirely abandoned. Certainly, "love and fraternity" cometh not by legislation, coercive or prohibitive. The most abandoned capitalist must now succumb to peaceful persuasion. This bids fair to be a tedious process for both persuader and (eventually) persuaded, but idealistic Socialist principles permit of no more drastic method of conviction. To inaugurate "the reign of love and fraternity" by legislative *force majeure* would, of course, be an immoral, nay, a criminal, absurdity, possible only to the children of Mammon, the sons of political unrighteousness. But a passing thought for the period of time which must elapse before mere man can attain to the perfect love of human brotherhood which will alone cast out capital and all its evils would have spared one anxious and conscientious politician much painful cogitation. He might, indeed, once more, and for the third time, have found occasion to change his view of the Socialist in practical politics. In that event, however, the gaiety of nations must have sensibly suffered.

Next to Mr. Walter Long's ingenuous essays in the bad art of indiscreet political letter-writing, the appearance of the Master of Elibank as a new crusader has most enlivened that recuperative dulness of the summer recess which proved so acceptable after six months of unwontedly strenuous Parliamentary life. Very early in his political career the Scotch Liberal Whip betrayed a Quixotic strain in his disposition, for which, it would seem, the cares of office have formed somewhat

too drastic a means of correction, since he has swung from the extreme of independent irresponsibility to a portentous conception of the measure of Ministerial anxiety which is suffered in Parliamentary silence by a supernumerary Whip. The new crusade, one fears, is stillborn, and the new crusader scornfully treated alike by friends and foes. Tilting at Socialism has not appealed to the Ministerial majority as a seasonable sport, and, any way, the Master of Elibank would not have been their "first string" had they sought to be championed in such a contest. As plain Mr. Murray—the Master has himself reminded us—he went out of his way to back Mr. Robert Smillie in one of the earlier of his five attempts at wrecking Liberal electoral chances, and, in the fitness of things, the Comptroller of the Household was one of the last representatives in the House of Commons who would have been called upon to elucidate the moral of the Cockermouth three-cornered contest by which a Government seat was sacrificed. Like the Junior Liberal Whip (Mr. J. M. Fuller), who gave the first indication of an aggravated sense of the minatory duties and disciplinary powers of his post, the Master of Elibank appears to have fallen a prey to that exaggerated notion of official prerogative and responsibility which is a venial fault in the young and inexperienced, who, for no very obvious reason, are suddenly called out of obscurity into "a little brief authority." They have a shrewd saying in Yorkshire about the man who "cannot carry corn." That prudence which finds expression in modest, unobtrusive, safe speech is indubitably the better part of valour in a subordinate member of the Government.

Whilst we may solace the Master of Elibank with the reflection that the policy of a Government is, after all, a matter for the collective wisdom of the Cabinet rather than the unassisted mental effort of an individual Whip, and assure him that neither the Liberal nor any other party is desirous of adding to the onerous duties of his office the difficult and invidious task of anticipating its future and providing against its next historical crisis, it may be conceded to him that

Socialism is very much in the air. Moreover, the unequalled and wonderful fluency of Socialist speakers ensures that it will remain there throughout our little day. If it did not lie with the Scotch Liberal Whip to "improve" the Cockermouth incident, and the psychological moment had not arrived for the declaration "Socialism—that is the enemy!" or the preaching of a new crusade, there can be no question that he stumbled upon a subject of the first interest. How soon it will descend to the mundane region of practical politics is a matter of considerable uncertainty, depending upon many more considerations than can even be hinted at here.

Like ordinary mortals, a Ministerial Whip is insensibly affected by his environment, and there is little that is surprising in the circumstance that hon. gentlemen, still acutely alive to the difficulty of obtaining a seat and keeping it, should have confided to the Master of Elibank that three-cornered contests were not at all to their liking and should be deprecated in the common interest. And who shall blame the Scottish members if, remembering that they were addressing, in the person of their Whip, a politician with a past, they pointedly moralised on the folly of backing Socialist "wreckers" and painted red the lurid possibilities, personal, party, and Parliamentary, of another Lanarkshire imprudence? Quite a number of excellent people who, by preference—and doubtless with some justification in successful application to more remunerative interests—do their political thinking by deputy, have Socialism very much upon their nerves just now. The Countess of Warwick, addressing the Social Democratic Federation at Liverpool, said "the enormous success of the Labour Party at the General Election" had "thrown people of her own class into a panic." Lady Warwick pays her "comrades" a pretty compliment in that highest form of flattery, the imitation of their tendency to exaggeration. But there would really be no feeling for justice in nature if the normally indifferent were not penalised to this slight extent for their refusal to observe for themselves what is really happening

in the world of politics. Because the country has decreed that Imperial politics shall be socialised, and that we shall secure the continuity of Empire by preventing dry-rot—or something worse—at the centre, is no reason why anybody save a crusted feudalism should go in mortal terror of the political future. The Master of Elibank has shown himself a seismometer of Socialism more sensitive to its slightest and remotest manifestations than that delicately poised instrument of Professor Milne's in the Isle of Wight, which inevitably records an earthquake shock five thousand miles away. And I have found a fearful conviction of the imminence of a Socialist *régime* in most unexpected quarters of late. Between the extremes of the Master of Elibank and Mr. Keir Hardie, both of whom appear to have convinced themselves (in the words of the latter) that "Socialism, too, is bound to grow," there are a number of intelligent, unexceptionable citizens who feel that they must make hay while the sun of constitutional government shines, since the darkness of days in which the individual will wither and the community become all-absorbing are at hand. And the wonderful unanimity of purpose with which all these otherwise divided units are, despite their differing degrees of trepidation, applying themselves to the legitimate business of improving their private fortunes, suggests that they at least will be well fortified even against the effects of expropriation. In so far as the fear of Socialism is the beginning of worldly wisdom in some, and in others a spur to their already well-defined intention of "getting on in the world," the scare of an economic revolution is not an unmixed evil. It is, therefore, possible at this stage to discuss the question with a certain amount of philosophical detachment, since our withers are not yet wrung by the outcries of a bourgeoisie in imminent danger of spoliation or—to be impartial, shall we say?—equalisation.

A way we English have of first ignoring, or contemptuously treating, a public movement or political organisation while it is quietly taking root in our country, and then, on some

generally unexpected assertion of the rooted strength it has gained during our period of neglect, grossly exaggerating its significance and anticipating its effects with wild imaginings, is responsible for the present trepidation. The Master of Elibank notwithstanding, I think it can be shown that Cockermouth was more of a sign and a portent to the Socialist section of the Labour party than to any other. The revelation that, in a largely industrial constituency, they could poll barely one-seventh of the recorded votes, when they confidently predicted that they were 2000 strong in Workington (one of the industrial towns of the division) alone, and must at least run the elected candidate close, was a painful surprise for the I.L.P., though full of instruction for the electioneerer. Inflated ideas of Labour contribution to Liberal successes in January were corrected, and a saner and juster sense of the elements of the Radical triumph at the General Election diffused among all the parties.

Elsewhere (in *The New Age*) I have discussed the results of the General Election as affecting this particular issue in detail, in reply to Mr. J. R. Macdonald's curiously imaginative estimate (*Independent Review*, March 1906) of the electoral achievements of the Labour Representation Committee. I showed, what any one with sufficient patience and experience in dealing with election figures can discover for himself with the assistance of the Poll-Book, that the L.R.C. successes were mainly, though not entirely, due to a tacit working arrangement with the Liberal party, as was demonstrated with exceptional clearness in the experience of Leicester (where Mr. Macdonald himself was concerned) and Norwich at by and general elections; whilst avowed Socialists were, with two or three exceptions, which served to prove the rule, ignored in the real fighting that followed the Dissolution. Not a single "straight" Socialist—standing as such—was elected. And this in a unique democratic uprising, when the wage-earners availed themselves of the franchise as they had never done before. Now that the question has been

narrowed down to Socialism pure and simple, it may conduce to the steadying of the nerves of the prophetic Master of Elibank if these highly instructive totals are clearly set out:

Total of votes cast at the General Election . . .	5,952,274
Total recorded for "straight" Socialists . . .	26,744

I make no subtraction here, for the obvious reason that it would inevitably be misleading. There were Socialist societies, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne and elsewhere, which advised their members to abstain from voting because no "straight" Socialist was running as a candidate. In their eyes—and now in Mr. Keir Hardie's—the L.R.C. nominees, in accepting Liberal support, had enleagued themselves with "the devotees of Mammon." Then, again, there were conspicuous Socialists, like Mr. Pete Curran at Jarrow, who desired it to be understood that they were in the field for Parliamentary honours as Labour candidates and not as Socialists. By inference they admitted that the emphasis which their opponents laid upon their Socialism was injurious to their candidature, a tacit acknowledgment of the unpopularity of revolutionary views even in wholly industrial constituencies. Well-known Socialists like Mr. Philip Snowden, at Blackburn, and Mr. F. W. Jowett, in Bradford West, stood as L.R.C. candidates, and, in the eyes of the stricter sect of Socialist brethren, thereby fatally compromised the cause. We shall see, later, how far this fear has been justified. At the Trade Union Congress, in Liverpool, the President (Mr. D. C. Cummings) quoted, from some curiously inaccurate "guide" not particularly specified, the following comparative return of the General Election polls:

Liberal votes . . .	2,417,979
Combined Labour votes . . .	473,987
Social Democratic votes . . .	41,820
Unionist votes . . .	2,200,898

Apart from the singular fact that (omitting Ireland) there are over 300,000 votes missing from this return, both the Liberal

and Unionist totals being arbitrarily reduced, these definitions, plainly enough, are of the "fancy franchise" order. They are not on any commonly accepted lines, and have been selected for the purpose of supporting some exceptional deduction from the elections rather than for the expression of the actual electoral facts. Take, for instance, the line, "Social Democratic votes." It is wholly meaningless save for the initiated, since not a single candidate stood at the General Election professedly as the nominee of the Social Democratic Federation, or in the sole capacity of a member of that particular organisation, and an advocate of its views in especial. In fact, "Social Democrats," as such, had no electoral existence last January. And the calculator who, in certain instances, determined the difference between Labour and Liberal support of L.R.C. and Liberal Labour candidates is to be envied his powers of second sight, since to him alone were the secrets of the ballot-boxes revealed! Obviously these totals were mere guess-work, and render a "re-count" absolutely necessary before the President of the Trade Union Congress can reinforce his argument. But, even on their showing, and reading "Socialist" for "Social Democratic" votes, the proportion is, roughly, 180 non-Socialists to one Socialist; and, after all, there need be little diffidence in accepting the Trade Union Congress criterion.

In contact with the actualities of Parliament Mr. Keir Hardie and his immediate Socialist *entourage* have learnt to respect the wisdom and foresight of the "straight" Socialists. From the standpoint of direct Labour representation it may have been a master-stroke of genius which secured the adoption of the system of the Trade Union levy for the payment of Members and the defraying of their election expenses. According to Mr. James Sexton (at the Trade Union Congress), the possession of the means of Parliamentary representation has, in Trade Union opinion, made the L.R.C. the prey of the political adventurer. "Where the carcase is there the eagles are gathered together," he seemed to say. But the

"straight" Socialists anticipated, and now deplore, a result which they regard as still more fatal to their own particular purpose. How honestly incapable the Independent Labour Party, or any other Socialist section, is of carrying on the expensive business of electioneering upon anything approaching a national scale stood confessed in the Cockermouth contest, when the *Labour Leader* explicitly stated that the leanness of the public subscription meant the severe limitation of by-election candidatures. But the "straight" Socialists anticipated that where the Trade Unions paid the piper they would also call the tune, and wisdom has been justified of her children. The policy of the L.R.C. in the House of Commons has, very properly—if an outsider may say so—been the Trade Union policy in its integrity. And not only is this so, but those who have been asked to pay for direct Labour representation are bent upon seeing that they get the exact article for which they are paying. It is, in a word, for particularist Trade Union ends, and not for grandiose schemes of State Socialism, that the Parliamentary power of the Labour vote has been chiefly utilised. This is precisely the course of events which the "straight" Socialists foresaw when they refused to support a programme which "the devotees of Mammon" found reasonable and feasible, and, needless to add, it is not according to Collectivist expectations and wishes.

The first Session of the most democratic House of Commons on record has passed, and Mr. Keir Hardie has not moved the trite Socialist resolution for the nationalisation of all the means of production which is to create the new Socialist earth that will be but the portal to a new Collectivist heaven. It is instructive to reflect that there is an excellent reason for the unwonted restraint which the Labour leader has put upon himself, for no one doubts that if his personal inclinations had alone to be consulted he would have balloted for this and half a dozen other equally extreme motions. Mr. Keir Hardie is lacking neither in courage nor intrepidity. But at Westminster he has to put off the irresponsibility of

the old Adam and put on the statesmanship of a responsible party leader. He has to learn, from the mouths of outspoken delegates at the Trade Union Congress, that "the Labour Party is no better than the Liberal or Tory Party"; and his frank colleague, Mr. Shackleton, has to differentiate between the agitator and the legislator with the curtly honest declaration that "no Member could be got to ballot for a day in the House to discuss a minimum wage of 30s. Why, your own Trade Union rate is only 24s." he said, "and how can you ask us to go to Parliament and demand 30s.?" Honest Trade Union argument, but how subversive of Socialism and its State-regulated wage inconsiderate of all economic principles and conditions! And, which is much to the point, it fairly indicates the trend of Parliamentary events. As the Session progressed it became increasingly evident that for Socialism the loudly trumpeted triumph of the General Election was much more apparent than real. Labour representatives set themselves about the possibly humdrum, but assuredly practical, business of securing State sanction, not for revolutionary economic theories, but for Trade Union principles affecting organisation, protection of funds, hours of labour, wages, compensation, trade disputes. To the neglect of all fantastic Utopias, they have vigilantly lobbied and voted and spoken for the betterment of the existing conditions of the wage-earning classes.

Mr. Keir Hardie scarcely hides the disappointment with which he regards that surrender of the Labour Party in the House to the conditions of practical statesmanship which is so galling to some of his immediate following. We could hardly expect him to publicly endorse that highly significant expression, "The Labour Party is no better than the Liberal or Tory Party;" but, after his own fashion, he allows it to be seen that events are not shaping as he could wish them, or moving perceptibly, if at all, in the direction of his aims and ambitions. This is not the declaration of Triumphant Socialism, though a valiant attempt is made to maintain the illusion:

The moral of it all is, that all sections of the Labour party must be vigilant, active, and militant. Never was the movement in general, and the I.L.P. in particular, in better fettle. For the moment it has on its Seven League boots, and is making giant strides forward. It is well that it should be so, since in the near days that are to be all its strength will be needed to hold its own against its foes, *the most bitter of whom will be the craven-hearted weaklings of its own household.*—Mr. J. Keir Hardie, M.P., on "The Master of Elibank's Confession," *Labour Leader*, August 31, 1906.

It will not be unjust to Mr. Keir Hardie to interpret the latter dark saying as an attack upon the Trade Unionists, who, asserting the national instinct of self-preservation, prosecute the interests of their own Unions, and the immediate political necessities of Labour, to the neglect of any scheme of State Socialism. But the general who is going into the fight with the conviction that his "bitterest foes" are in his own ranks, and that they merit the description of "craven weaklings," is not to be argued with, but commiserated on his most unhappy lot. Thus the elation of Socialists over the General Election visibly evaporates. This was bound to happen, because the excitement of the moment and the novelty of the experience led them to set a value upon their electoral achievements which was wholly inflated.

Only for the uninitiated can it be news that the most formidable barriers against Socialism are these self-same Trade Unions. All and sundry might become alive to the true inwardness of things through the constant iteration by your "straight" Socialist of his stereotyped formula that the Unions have had their day and served their purpose, and that the expropriation of Capital offers the one hope of justice to the producer. But the intelligent wage-earner is not prepared to sacrifice the substance of increased wages, larger purchasing powers, reduced working hours, and better living conditions, for the shadow of an imaginary Socialist state of plenty. Hence Mr. Keir Hardie's irritable anathematizing of "craven weaklings." The House of Commons, in bringing movements as well as men to their bearings, has a short way with illusions very common in the body politic.

It is, for instance, generally taken for granted that "Labour" describes a political entity with identical interests and aims. Yet nothing is clearer than the frequently divided purpose and occasional rivalry of the Unions. The competitive principle refuses even to be exorcised by the magic wand of Socialism. There are almost as many sects among the Socialists as there were among the Pharisees, and each is convinced that it offers to the faithful the only true gospel of Collectivism. Nowhere are the appeals for unity more clamant than at the Trade Union Congress ; and nowhere, it must be admitted, is there a greater necessity for that liberty in non-essentials and charity in all things which should accompany such unity in essentials. To take a classic case, what has been more evident for years than that the interests of Durham and Northumberland coal-miners have not been identical, in such a material matter as the hours of labour, with those of other colliery districts ? For half a century the northernmost counties have maintained wholly separate organisations and exercised the right of private judgment and of Trade Union autonomy. It is not without significance that the I.L.P. and other Socialist bodies have hitherto regarded Northumberland and Durham as the least responsive of all industrial districts, slow in the appreciation of their propaganda and apathetic in the reception of their principles. They held a month's campaign immediately prior to the General Election for the express purpose of disintegrating the Labour forces behind Mr. Thomas Burt and Mr. Charles Fenwick. Mr. Keir Hardie wound up the campaign in person and the nature of his reception was such as to forbid any Socialist candidature in these parts. The sequel was equally significant. Both Mr. Burt and Mr. Fenwick had record majorities, the right hon. Member for Morpeth polling three to one, whilst the Member for the Wansbeck Division had the enormous majority of 7176.

An economic fact of some importance in this connection is the presence in the mining districts of Northumberland of numerous co-operative societies enjoying a large measure of

financial prosperity. It is not a far-fetched piece of imagination which divines a close connection between the profit-sharing of the co-operative traders and the non-success of Socialist propaganda. This, moreover, is quite in accordance with the anticipations of the political economist. The readiness of the pitman to endorse the mere sentiment of Socialism would be subject to a severe test when, at the quarter's end, he came to discuss with his "wummun foak" the expropriation of the bonus which has come to be regarded as the peculiar perquisite of the better half, who, in a number of cases, is the actual member of the Co-operative Society. The critic on the hearth is one more formidable opponent with whom Socialism has not yet reckoned. Nor has it taken account of the mere animal instinct of self-preservation, let alone the natural disposition of thrifty Englishmen, and Scotchmen, toward "getting on" in the world. The human Marxian abstraction which your Socialist predicates will be content to run in leading-strings, as the automaton citizen of an automatic Socialist State.

In the simplicity of heart which is induced by much attentive hearing of Socialist professions and diligent reading of the literature of popular Socialism, one does indeed feel disposed to ask of the men of faith, who lack nothing in hope, though they may be a trifle lacking in charity, how far Socialism has reckoned with poor human nature. As the much-belauded experiment of the elimination of private capital is to be tried upon humanity, and not upon the Selenites of Mr. H. G. Wells's "First Men in the Moon," or Bulwer Lytton's "Coming Race," the ordinary mind might have considered the capacity and state of preparedness of the community for the great undertaking which Socialists seek to impose upon it. It may have been observed that this very elementary consideration was stated by M. Clemenceau, in the highly instructive discussion in the French Chamber of Deputies, with striking force and lucidity, and it is equally interesting to note that M. Jaurès, in his reply, judiciously

refrained from touching upon it. And why? Surely the first point to be disposed of in this controversy is the state of readiness of the average man for this great economic enterprise in which he is to participate and by which he is to be profited or victimised. Obviously, M. Clemenceau raised the natural premise—the first thing which must come first—when he urged:

It is clear that arbitrarily to modify the social organisation without troubling to find out whether the man is in a condition to adapt himself to it can only lead to disorder. Thus even those who set out to re-make first the social organisation are brought back to the reform of the individual.

And again:

Man as he now exists is not the man you need to live in your society.

To be consistent, the Socialist must contend that the social reformation of the individual is to be secured by his direct transference from the slum to the well-ordered household, since this is on all fours with what he proposes by way of the salvation of the State. Ethical perfection will not even suffice for Mr. Keir Hardie in "the reign of love and fraternity," nor mere civic incorruptibility in the community. Every citizen must certainly be another Aristides the Just. But he must also be Christ-like.

What is the complaint of our citizenship to-day? That the most capable men of affairs are fighting shy of their civic responsibilities and declining to serve on either of the several municipal bodies. If there are scandals in our public administration, they largely arise from the apathy of the community and the absence of anything approaching adequate popular observation and criticism. The price of liberty, now as always, is eternal vigilance, and if we are in the bonds of officialism to-day it is because voluntarism, the cheerful discharge of patriotic duties by the ordinary citizen, is going out of fashion, and the service of the community no longer commands its best administrative intellect. And the Socialist, wholly mistaking the patriotic need of the hour, demands not less but more of

this bureaucratic government. Instead of chastising this supineness of citizens with whips and scorpions, he light-heartedly contemplates the infinite extension of municipal management and the complete absorption of trade and business enterprise by the State. There is one, and only one, infallible criterion of the limitation which must be placed upon both municipal and State administration, namely, the efficiency and morality of each public body. You cannot place too generous an interpretation upon the term "public interests" where the community commands the loyal service of its ablest and noblest citizens. But neither can the restriction of municipalisation be too severe where incapacity and corruption characterise the Council or the Board.

The Socialist may accuse us of stupidly ignoring the fact that all the private skill and capacity now applied to the direction of personal and company concerns will be released, to go to the aid of the Corporation and the State. By so much as he depends upon this illusory prospect does he postpone "the reign of love and liberty." We are still at the initial stage of the birth and the education of this ideal citizen for the idealistic city, and M. Clemenceau remains unanswered. Once more we are faced with the obvious weakness of the Socialist position, that a beginning has been made at the wrong end. They are considering the placing of the pinnacle upon the temple of their Utopia when they have not given a serious thought to such a commonplace preliminary as the getting out of the foundations or the erection of the main structure. The Government and the statesman who would socialise our politics and make the greatest good of the greatest number the constant consideration and the eternal objective of Parliament, will deal with first things first and liberate the individual from all restrictive conditions which still hamper his economic progress and that working out of his own salvation in which he attains to manhood and to worthy citizenship. You do not make men, as the churches make saints, by relieving them from all temptation; and happiness will be not had for the mere asking even

in "the reign of love and fraternity." According to Ernest Renan: "Our century has created a material stock of tools which have been more and more improved; but it has not taken into consideration that, for handling such tools, a certain degree of morality, conscience, and abnegation is necessary.' Instead of appealing to the cupidity of mankind by holding out expectations of a common share in a redistribution of wealth, why not correct the faults and encourage the virtues of the proletariat, to the end that they may exercise aright the privileges and the responsibilities of that full citizenship into which they have now entered?

The counsel of perfection has been eloquently offered by Professor Henry Jones. It is ideal enough to satisfy Mr. Keir Hardie; yet it is sufficiently practical to commend itself to the sober judgment of Labour in the House of Commons:

We have been teaching rights; henceforth we have by precept and practice to teach duties; and of all these duties most of all the duty of sanctifying our daily sphere of ordinary labour. We have been teaching charity; but charity must become justice yet—not in the way of partitioning goods, but of rightly appraising services. To both master and man the social reformer must teach that every industry in the land is meant to be a school of virtue.

Here is a social gospel of sanity and hope. And those of little faith in the ability of conservative England to resist Socialism in a flood may at least take heart from the fact that such counsels of moderation, good sense, and high morality had general acceptance even in the last remarkable plebiscite of a thoroughly roused people, and have since plainly influenced the Parliamentary policy of Labour.

HUGH W. STRONG.

THE INTELLECTUAL CONDITION OF THE LABOUR PARTY

III

THE analysis of Ruskin's volume ("Unto This Last") given in the preceding article will have been enough to show some of the reasons, at all events, which have made that volume a favourite with the Labour Members in the present Parliament. The author, it is true, disclaims with reiterated emphasis any sympathy with the doctrines which go by the name of Socialism. He throughout assumes, and in many places asserts, that the capitalist is as essential to any advanced civilisation as is the labourer; but he insists that the labourer hitherto has been treated with profound injustice, and on principles which must be ultimately ruinous to all civilisation whatsoever; and he gives his authority to demands on behalf of the labouring classes, which were not generally made till years after this volume was written. Prominent amongst these is his demand for a "living wage"—that is to say, a payment regulated, not by the price at which a man will work to escape starvation, but by the cost of the commodities and conveniences which, under existing conditions are essential to a healthy, a moral, and a self-respecting human life. Again, whilst continually asserting that wealth, no less than labour, has its legitimate rights and its far-reaching social functions, he urges with still greater emphasis that wealth has also its duties; and that its powers, though it ought to be powerful, are at present greater than

they ought to be. He will not, he says, disguise the fact that, in order to do justice to the poor, and to place modern society on a just and a stable basis, the rich must surrender some portion of their present riches, and content themselves with a smaller influence than that which they at present exercise.

The spirit of these utterances, apart from their studied moderation, is precisely the spirit that appeals to the Labour Members of to-day. But far more important than any of his specific contentions, as influencing and representing their aims and their mode of thought, is Ruskin's attack on the science of political economy generally—a science which he denounces as no science at all—a pseudo-science which has been formulated in the interest of the rich alone, and whose so-called laws he professes to exhibit as rank delusions.

In the present article I shall examine his methods of reasoning, taken in connection with the spirit by which they are animated. And in thus approaching the intellectual condition of the spokesmen of the contemporary Labour party through the works of a writer whom they admire, rather than beginning with any utterances of their own, I shall free myself from the chance of being suspected of any unfair dealing. For Ruskin is a writer whose genius is beyond dispute. Equally beyond dispute are the nobility and integrity of his aims; and whilst many of those who have attacked the privileges of wealth may seem to have been actuated by envy of what they have been unable to gain, in Ruskin's case, at all events, no such motive was possible. He was brought up in luxury, and inherited a large fortune. Whatever attacks he may have made on wealth, under certain of its aspects, he was wholly disinterested; and his motives were those of sincere conviction.

IV

Described in general terms, the great and typical fault which Ruskin exhibits in his attack on political economy, is this. Conscious that the ordinary economists neglected certain

truths closely associated with their subject ; conscious also that, both morally and politically, these truths were of the highest importance ; and, burning with a desire to assert them, he regarded the end which he had in view as so sacred that any argument advanced with the purpose of furthering it must be sound. The result of such a procedure in his case, as it often has been in that of others, was to make him accept his zeal as a substitute for accurate preparation, and assail the errors and inconsistencies of the thinkers whom he sought to combat, with yet greater errors and greater inconsistencies of his own.

The primary and most general accusation which he brings against ordinary political economy will afford us a preliminary and comprehensive illustration of this. The accusation in question, as I showed in the preceding article, is that political economists, deal, not with human beings as they are, but merely with an artificial abstraction. They deal with what technically they call "the economic man"—that is to say, a man who acts only in his own interest, and who identifies his own interest with commercial or pecuniary gain. But in actual life, says Ruskin, no such man exists. Human beings have selfish desires, no doubt, and a selfish desire for pecuniary gain is one of them. But this desire never acts in isolation. Though not destroyed, it is constantly modified by others, as the behaviour of one chemical substance is modified by combination with a second ; and this fact, he says, "falsifies every one of the results" reached by the calculations of the economist, and renders his whole science, as applied to practical life, "nugatory."

Now that there is much in the general accusation thus brought by Ruskin, I am the last person to deny. I have myself, in a book called "Social Equality," urged that Political Economy, as at present expounded, renders itself open to every kind of attack, by having neglected to connect itself with an examination of human nature at large. It is at present, I said, a "science with its roots in the air." Its moral and logical basis is a science which is still missing ; and this I described as "the science of human character." I explained my meaning

with great minuteness and precision. I never said that the conclusions of political economy, so far as they went, were false. I said only that they were left at present to rest upon rough assumptions which, in spite of the truth contained in them, were unanalysed, imperfect, and undefended. But Ruskin sees no need for the qualifications of discriminating criticism. Because the science, as at present expounded, is in certain respects imperfect, nothing will content him but to vociferate that it is no science at all, that from beginning to end all its calculations are "false," and its so-called laws "nugatory." He thus converts what might have been a most searching and useful criticism into a random vilification so exaggerated that, as it stands, it is nonsense.

If we wish for a proof that such is literally the case, it is given to us by Ruskin himself; for, though he opens his book with the assertion that the method of political economy is illusory, its conclusions false, and its laws nugatory, we find him again and again in this very book itself restating many of these conclusions and laws as indubitable, and appealing with unquestioning confidence to the precise method which he condemns.

I will give two signal illustrations of this, each bearing on a vital part of his argument. One of these is the question of what determines the rate of wages; the other is the question of what determines the price of commodities.

With regard to the first of these questions, as we saw in the preceding article, he sets out with saying that the rate of wages *ought* to be, and *can* be, determined, by the labourer's needs, "irrespectively of the demand for his labour." "Perhaps one of the most curious facts," he adds, "in the history of human error is the denial by the common political economist of the possibility of thus regulating wages." This utterance is quite in harmony with his engagement to exhibit the entire doctrines of the common economist as nugatory; but a little farther on we are surprised by coming on the following passage:

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It is true that in all these cases (of determining the rate of wages), and in every conceivable case, there must be ultimate reference to the presumed difficulty of the work, or the number of candidates for the office. If we thought that the labour necessary to make a good physician would be gone through by a sufficient number of students with the prospect of only half-guinea fees, public consent would soon withdraw the unnecessary half-guinea.

This is precisely the doctrine of the despised "common" economist; and Ruskin, in thus endorsing it, completely contradicts and stultifies the challenging assertion with which he starts. He admits that the laws of the economist are so far from being wholly nugatory, that one of the most typical of them is, in an ultimate sense, true.

Let us now see how he deals with the question of the price of commodities. He begins, as usual, with an attack on writers such as Mill and Ricardo, who are for him the "common" economy personified, and, having elaborately ridiculed Mill in a fashion to which I shall refer hereafter, he turns to Ricardo, of whom he falls foul also. The exchangeable value of commodities, price being the common denominator, is, said Ricardo, "not measured by utility, though utility is absolutely essential to it." "Essential in what degree, Mr. Ricardo?" exclaims Ruskin; and he proceeds to make merry over a variety of grotesque meanings which he finds it possible to read into that writer's somewhat slovenly phraseology. The puerile character of this criticism is revealed by Ruskin himself, who ends by admitting that Ricardo meant probably none of this nonsense, but was awkwardly trying to say something which was very near the truth—"namely that, when the demand is constant, the price varies as the quantity of labour required for production." This doctrine, says Ruskin, only requires to be qualified by taking it in connection with the fact that demand, if prices varies, is *not* "ultimately constant"; "for," he proceeds, "as price rises, customers fall away."

Now, I am not here in any way concerned to inquire whether Ruskin's criticisms of the doctrines of the "common" economists with regard to the foregoing particular questions is

just. All that I am concerned to point out is, first, that he admits these doctrines to have elements of indisputable truth in them ; and secondly, and more especially, that the doctrines which he brings forward to modify them, are arrived at by a method absolutely identical with that which is employed by these economists themselves. He no less than they deduces certain general conclusions as to how men act with regard to certain definite matters from the ordinary economic assumption that men's conduct, in these connections, is as a rule motivated by self-interest, and that the kind of self-interest here especially in question is centred in considerations of pecuniary gain or loss. His assertion that no one would pay a physician a guinea if other physicians, as good, were willing to take ten-and-sixpence ; and that demand is bound to decline as the price of an article rises, are assertions which would have no meaning or foundation whatsoever, unless their foundation is the fact that, with regard to many economic matters at all events, the behaviour of actual human nature is the behaviour of the "economic man." Such being the case, then, the science of the "common" economists is, on his own unintentional admission, not, as he declares it to be, a science essentially false and nugatory, based on a fantastic abstraction, and ending in insane conclusions ; but a science whose method is sound so far as it goes, and which, within certain limits, gives us a correct account of the laws of human conduct and the results of it.

Ruskin's real desire, though he had not the patience to analyse it, was to preach an impassioned sermon on the moral uses to be made of those laws of human action which the economists had correctly elucidated. What he did was to declare that these laws had no existence at all, although in the very act of doing so he was himself compelled to appeal to them.

The character of his procedure may be farther illustrated thus. Having mercilessly attacked Mill's statement that to be wealthy is to have commodities possessing exchangeable value he declares that the only true definition of wealth is "Life"—meaning that wealth is not real wealth unless it consists of

commodities conducing to a life that is noble. Thus a base and degrading picture, however skilfully painted, would according to him, not be wealth but the negation of wealth. The picture would be wealth only if it were ennobling as well as skilful. Hence, says Ruskin, apart from moral considerations, political economy is meaningless. The truth which he is seeking to emphasise, though often neglected, is indisputable. He forgets, however, that to both pictures certain things are essential with which morality has nothing at all to do, such as the preparation of the painter's pigments, and the laws of perspective. These remain the same whether the painter be a saint or a satyr. With political economy the case is precisely similar. It bears the same relation to the facts of wealth and industry that perspective bears to painting; and a large portion of its doctrines (for we will content ourselves with this qualified statement) represent laws to which human nature conforms, no matter whether it conforms to them in a spirit which is morally good or bad.

Here is the truth which Ruskin from first to last misses. So blind and impatient does his ethical ardour make him, that he not only formally repudiates what political economy teaches, but he does not even give himself time to understand correctly what it professes to teach. Political economy he defines, and he says that its exponents define it, as "the science of getting rich." By this he means that it claims to be a body of instructions which will enable the ruthless and the covetous to acquire great private fortunes. Now even if what he means were true, he expresses it with an inaccuracy which in an opponent he would have been the first person to denounce. Political economy, in this case, would not be a science at all. It would be an art founded on a science. As a matter of fact, however, political economy, except in the most accidental ways, has never claimed to be an art. As expounded by the very writers whom Ruskin specially attacks, it claims to be a science only, which is a very different thing, though Ruskin did not pause to realise in what the difference

consists. Were political economy an art, it would instruct individuals as to what they ought to do. Being a science, it is essentially an exposition of what men at large do—of what we find them doing with a general and calculable uniformity; and also of the results of what they do, which are equally uniform and calculable. And although it is connected just as closely with morality as astronomy is with the art of navigation, it is no more the business of economic science, as such, to inculcate one kind of morality rather than another kind, than it is the business of the Astronomer Royal or the compilers of the Nautical Almanac to regulate the course of international trade, or preach sermons to navigators on the comparative morality of sea-ports.

So much, then, for the general looseness of thought by which Ruskin's attack on economic science is vitiated. We will now turn to the more important of his detailed contentions. We shall find that these are vitiated in exactly the same way.

V

The most important of these detailed contentions which I propose to examine are as follows: those which refer specifically to labour; those which refer specifically to capital; and those which refer specifically to the process of "getting rich" (in the ordinary acceptance of the phrase), to which Ruskin makes constant reference. But I will begin with saying a few words about another, which, though second to the above in its intrinsic importance, is highly instructive as an illustration, not of his methods only, but of the methods of many distinguished moralists who resemble him.

In order to show that wages are actually capable of being regulated without reference to fluctuations in the abundance of labour and the demand for it, he appeals to the case of the army, where the system for which he pleads is in operation before our eyes. In the soldier, he says, we have a perfect

type of the labourer, except for the fact that his work is unrivalled in its pains and dangers ; and it is obvious that what is practicable in the camp is equally practicable in the factory, or amongst the ploughed fields. " My principles of political economy are all involved," he says, " in a single phrase— 'soldiers of the ploughshare as well as soldiers of the sword.' "

Now this argument, which has often been used by others, invariably proceeds, as in Ruskin's case, from men who attack the science of the "common" economists on the ground that their science deals with part of human nature only, and ignores those passions and instincts, which Ruskin calls the "affections," and which go to make up the nature of the composite and concrete man. It is, however, a curious fact that these persons are themselves foremost in repeating and exaggerating the procedure which they condemn in others. The "economic man," though not corresponding to the actual man in his integrity, corresponds to the actual man in certain defined relations ; but the so-called actual man, with which Ruskin and his friends replace him, is a phantom made up of a number of sentimental qualities, which vary as the argument requires, and the nature and the scope of which are not submitted by them to any kind of methodical examination. Had Ruskin and his friends acted up to their professed principles, and considered human nature as a whole with something like approximate accuracy, they would have seen that the work of the soldier, though resembling other labour in some ways, in one way profoundly differs from it. As a consequence of the ages of struggle to which our species owes its existence, the business of fighting attracts and excites fighters in a peculiar way in which industrial labour does not. If to cultivate the earth with a plough became as dangerous as to fight a battle, the "soldiers of the ploughshare" would be an extinct race to-morrow. The labour of the fighter, instead of being a type of all other labour, is for the above reason a most curious and marked exception to it ; and thus the analogy "in which," as Ruskin says, "all the principles of his political economy are

involved," is valueless. The looseness of thought which is thus, on his own admission, fundamental with him, exhibits itself again in the following slightly different form. "The best work," says Ruskin, "never was, nor ever will be, done for money at all." If he means by "the best work" the work of exalted genius, this may be true enough; but when applied, as he applies it, to industrial work generally, it is altogether inapposite. He fails to realise that what here mainly concerns him is not such work as is the *highest*, but the bulk of such work as is *necessary*; and the fact that an author who publishes an abstruse treatise on mathematics does not do so in the hopes of making a fortune by the sale of it, does nothing to show that the men who set up the type for him, and who make the paper on which his book is printed, are less dependent on the money-motive than ordinary thought assumes them to be. It is these latter kinds of activity, not the former, that represent the work of the labouring classes generally.

Let us now proceed to Ruskin's treatment of Labour. In one of the many scoldings which he administers to the "common economists," he tells them that "this business of Political Economy is no light one; and we must allow no loose terms in it." Let us see how he behaves, in the matter of "loose terms," himself. Though as far as possible from being a disciple of Karl Marx, he introduces his discussion of social justice by asserting, as Marx does, that labour alone is the producer of all wealth and profit. Hence, he says, if any man in our employment labours an hour for us, justice requires that we labour an hour for him in return. "Perhaps, indeed," he adds, "ultimately it may appear desirable, or at least gracious," that we should labour for him rather longer, repaying his hour with an hour and five minutes. Now Ruskin, throughout this volume, when he thus speaks of "us" or "we"—and he specially mentions this fact in the passage here referred to—is speaking from the point of view of the capitalistic or employing class, whose right to exist he admits, and

whose functions he declares to be necessary. The question therefore which here arises is this: How, since the wealth of the capitalist (if legitimate, as Ruskin admits it to be) must necessarily have its origin in the capitalist's own labour, is any single capitalist in a position to pay more than one man to work for him? If a factory hand gives twelve hours of work daily to a manufacturer, the manufacturer, it would seem, must, according to Ruskin's formula, give in equity twelve hours work to the factory-hand. In this case he has no more hours which he can offer to any second employee. Still less is he in a position to follow the Ruskinian counsel of "graciousness," and give two men, or even one, thirteen hours for twelve.

Ruskin nowhere formally faces the problem which he here suggests. Indirectly, however, he was quite aware of its existence; and obliquely and parenthetically he indicates two solutions of it. One of these takes the form of a defence of interest; the other of a recognition that labour is of different grades, according to the greater or less degree of "skill" embodied in it.

His defence of interest, to which, oddly enough, he devotes but a few sentences, is remarkable, despite its brevity. "Labour, rightly directed, is fruitful," he says, "just as seed is." It results in a product which itself results in a farther product. If therefore A lends B the product of one day's labour for a year, B, at the end of the year, in order to make the bargain fair, must not give A only the product of another day's labour in return for it. He must add to this a portion of the products which the borrowed product, being "fruitful," has produced meanwhile. This argument, crudely as Ruskin states it, shows that he recognised one important fact which profoundly modifies the import of the formula with which he starts. He here admits that, though all wealth may be due to labour in a sense, there is much wealth which is due to it only at second-hand. Thus, if the ploughing of a hundred acres entails on a man at starting two months of

labour, one month going to the using of the plough, and the other month to the making of it, the ploughing of a second hundred acres will cost one month's labour only; for the plough, the product of his first month's labour, persists; and during the third month does half of his work for him. As Ruskin puts it, it is to that extent "fruitful." It is just as fruitful if the maker lends it to another man: and the borrower will owe the lender a certain portion of its fruits. Thus the indirect products or equivalents of labour accumulate in the hands of individuals, so that one man is able to remunerate many men for the products of their direct labour.

Next, as to skill. The simplicity of his primary formula is, Ruskin admits, very much complicated by the extent to which the skill embodied in various kinds of labour varies. But the general nature of the situation may, he says, be expressed thus. Under the term "skill" he includes the "united force" of those intellectual and emotional faculties which "accelerate" the faculties essential to average labour of any kind. "The latter are paid for as pain," he says, "the former as power." "The workman is merely indemnified" for the one—namely, his average labour; but the other—namely, this skill by which labour is exceptionally accelerated—"both produces a part of the exchangeable value of the work, and materially increases its actual quantity." Hence one hour of skilled work may be justly worth any number of hours of unskilled.

Closely connected with, and throwing light on his treatment of labour, is his treatment of capital. In his formal discussion of capital, indeed, he merely restates the facts by reference to which he justifies interest. The best type of all capital is, he says, a good plough. In other words, he conceives of capital simply as an implement, or a multitude of implements, by means of which labour is assisted, and rendered more productive. So far as it goes, this account of capital is correct. Its error lies in its incompleteness; and with this I shall deal presently. But first let us consider his

conception of the process of "getting rich," when regarded by him under its general, and not under its special aspects.

I observe [he says] that business men rarely know the meaning of the word "rich." Men nearly always speak and write as if riches were absolute . . . whereas they are a power acting only through inequalities, or negations of itself. The force of the guinea you have in your pocket depends wholly on the default of a guinea in your neighbour's pocket. If he did not want it, it would be of no use to you . . . and the art of making yourself rich, in the ordinary mercantile economist's sense, is therefore equally and necessarily the art of keeping your neighbour poor.

Now in all his arguments—let me say this once again—as to labour, interest, and capital, and even in his seemingly perverse paradox as to riches, there is an element of truth; but in each case this truth is rendered futile or mischievously misleading, by being imperfectly thought out, imperfectly expressed, and being either confused with, or divorced from, other truths which are essential to it.

This is shown at once by certain marked characteristics of his language. He uses the same term to designate different things—things which at times he himself recognises as anti-thetical; and the imperfection of his technical vocabulary reflects the character of his thought. The most striking example of this is his use of the term "labour." Though disclaiming any desire to attack capital, as such, the main object of his book is to emphasise the moral claims of those who, in contrast to the capitalists, are called the labouring classes. In his opening pages he says that the cardinal fact with which he starts, is that the "servant," the "workman," the "operative," or the man "employed," gives his "labour" to the "master," the "manufacturer," or the "employing" man; and the main question, he proceeds, to which his volume will be devoted, is the question of how the "labour" given by the former is to be remunerated "justly" by the latter. It is thus obvious that when he uses the word "labour," what he primarily has in view is the activity of the ordinary workman, whose means of livelihood come to him in the form of wages.

At the same time, however, he realises that this kind of activity is not the only kind which is essential to the life even of the workman himself. He therefore enriches his original thesis with a number of additions and qualifications. The statesman, the physician, the "mere thinker," the employer, he says, all of them play parts as essential to social civilisation as that which is played by the ploughman, the bricklayer, or the factory-hand. But he allows himself no language in which to express the difference between these classes clearly. He applies to the activities of all of them the common name of "labour." The statesman, the physician, the artist, the religious teacher, the "thinker" whose inventions and discoveries revolutionise the work of millions, and the employers who direct that work,—these, no less than the dustman, are all in his language labourers.

Thus, having started with emphasising a very intelligible contrast, the imperfection of his language compels him to speak of it subsequently as an identity. The just claims which labour has upon capital—a sufficiently clear conception—presently loses its outlines, and becomes the claims of labour on itself. To attempt to elucidate the relations between two things, admitted at the outset to be different, whilst applying to them the same name, and including them under the same category, is like attempting to perform a surgical operation in boxing gloves.

Partially aware of the difficulty in which he has thus involved himself, the manner in which he attempts to get out of it, does but accentuate its character. Having called all forms of economic activity "labour," he tries to explain the differences which he sees to exist between them, by representing them as associated with so many grades of skill. But skill, even in the extended sense which he himself gives to it, fails to answer his purpose. By introducing it, he throws no light whatever on the main difference which he is dimly seeking to identify. By the term "skill," he says:

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I mean the united force of experience, intellect, and passion, in their operation on manual labour, from the simple patience which will enable one person to work without fatigue, and with good effect, twice as long as another . . . up to the incommunicable emotion and imagination which are the first and mightiest sources of all value in art.

Mill, he goes on, "has followed the true clue when he writes, 'No limit can be set to the importance—even in a purely productive and material point of view—of mere thought.'" "In order to complete his statement," says Ruskin, "he should have added 'and of mere feeling also.'" It will be thus seen that, according to Ruskin's conception of the matter, skill is something which, at the bottom of the scale, enables one man to lay a thousand bricks whilst another man lays five hundred; and which, at the top of the scale, enables a Cellini to make a vase which is priceless, whilst a common craftsman will make a vulgar monstrosity. In each case—in the first as well as the last—it is, as Ruskin expressly says, "incommunicable." And such a scale of skill no doubt exists, and explains the different positions held by a sign-painter and a Michael Angelo; but what it does not explain is the difference with which Ruskin is mainly concerned—namely, the difference between the position of an employer and that of the thousand men employed by him. According to Ruskin, a man who begins as a skilful bricklayer may be perfectly justified in rising to be a great contractor. But he does not rise because he is able with his own hands to run up four walls of a cottage whilst another can run up only two. The faculty which enables him to rise does not belong to that class of faculties at all, which constitute the essence of what Ruskin means by "skill," and which are, as Ruskin rightly says "incommunicable," in the sense that "they operate only on the manual labour" of the possessor of them. It is a faculty which operates simultaneously on the labour of countless others. I shall deal with this question at large in my next article, and shall show more precisely what Ruskin's error is, and the profound confusion which it introduces alike into his thought and his expression of it.

It will then be seen that this same error of hopelessly incomplete analysis, and correspondingly defective language, though it does not falsify his conception of capital, so far as that conception goes, virtually falsifies it because it leads him to accept a part for the whole. Capital, considered under one of its aspects, is no doubt, as he says, an implement of which a plough may be taken as a type. But the functions of it typified by a plough is one of its functions only, and only a derivative and secondary one. Its primary and most important function escapes Ruskin altogether.

And now for his conception of riches, or the process or art of "getting rich." By fits and starts he here gets glimpses of the truth; but the moment he has seen it, his eyes wander away from it, and he loses himself in vague fallacies, which are fatal to his own meaning as he himself defines it. Riches, he says, rightly acquired and used, are essential to civilisation. They are legitimate, beneficent, life-giving. This he constantly maintains. He means it to be one-half of his gospel. But in his anxiety to attack what he looks on as contemporary abuses both in the art of getting riches and in the use of them, he still more constantly speaks of, and (as we have seen) he formally defines, them, in a manner which represents them as essentially unjust and evil. How can riches, in any case, be "legitimate, beneficent, life-giving," if "the art of getting rich is necessarily the art of keeping your neighbour poor"?

I shall refer hereafter to this definition again. We will, however, submit it to a brief examination now. His definition may mean that the art by which the employers of labour enrich themselves is the art of securing a part of the just wages of the labourer. But even if a certain portion of the riches of some employers have been due to an art of this kind, it is perfectly evident that it is not the kind of art to which the growth of modern fortunes, taken as a whole, is due. For one of the arguments most frequently urged on employers by workmen who, having secured an advance of wages yesterday, are anxious to supplement it by a

farther advance to-day, is the assertion that, though the workmen were enriched by the first advance, the riches of the employers have continued to increase also. If modern fortunes arose from an increasing impoverishment of the wage-earners, the wage-earners by this time would have no wages at all; or rather their wages would be some incalculable minus quantity. Ruskin, if the matter had been put thus plainly before him, would have probably repudiated this interpretation of his doctrine; but his own chosen illustration of it makes it yet more obviously absurd, and saves it from being a falsehood by turning it into a perverse quibble. If A wants a guinea and has got it, he will not work for B in order to get it. This simple truth Ruskin distorts into the assertion that, if A has not got it, and to get it will work for B, A "necessarily" would have had it without any work at all, if certain machinations of B's had not artfully hindered him. Ruskin might just as well have said that, because no scholars would pay fees to a master if they knew already everything which the master could teach them, the art of teaching is the art of keeping your neighbours ignorant.

Such, then, is the character of Ruskin's methods as an economist—the methods of one who informs economists generally that he is going to give them "more logic than they will like," and that their science is one in which no "loose terms" can be tolerated.

To the above examples of his more important criticisms, I will add one, equally characteristic, of the manner in which, as he imagines, he triumphs over his opponents in detail. Though employing himself throughout a large portion of his argument, the technical definition of value as "value in exchange," he attempts to hold up Mill as an object of ferocious ridicule, because Mill does the same thing. "So that," he exclaims, "if two ships cannot exchange their rudders, their rudders are, in politico-economic language, of no value to either!" And he actually thinks that he has reduced Mill's whole meaning to an absurdity. The true meaning of economic value is this—that,

if I have a carpet which I do not want, and you have any number of clothes which I do want, the value of my carpet is to me as many clothes as you will give me in exchange for it. Similarly, if we think of two ships wanting to exchange rudders, the supposition means nothing, unless we start with the assumption that they want to do so for some reason—the reason, namely, that each finds its present rudder useless or unsuitable to itself; but if the rudder of each ship were equally useless to the other, it would not be an absurdity but a platitude to say that the rudders had no value at all in use or exchange either. Thus does Ruskin mistake what is merely an unsuccessful pun on two meanings of a word for an illuminating economic criticism. He thinks he has brought his enemy down with a rifle, when he has merely exploded a cracker under his own nose.

If these methods of argument were peculiar to Ruskin it would not be worth our while to dwell upon them; but they are not. Taken in connection with the moral and political truths on whose behalf he employs them, they are typical of the methods of other men, no less eminent than himself—one of whom, for example, is Count Tolstoy. More particularly are they the methods of the Labour members in the present Parliament. Responding, as they no doubt do, to the truths which Ruskin utters, his latest admirers reproduce only too faithfully the confused methods of thought and argument on which he attempts to found, and with which he so unfortunately associates, them; and in doing so, they push them to conclusions which their teacher would have vehemently repudiated. How far their ways of thinking lead them to misapprehend facts, I shall show in the following article. Meanwhile if any of the Labour party should read these observations he will see that I place him in very honourable and illustrious company.

W. H. MALLOCK.

A RIDICULOUS GOD—II

III

NOW the conception of the *Grand Etre*, as set forth last month in this Review, and the service due to it, which at first sight seems rather grand and magnificent, has a curiously close analogy with the ordinary conception of life of the ordinary man who is called "practical." He, too, is in hot pursuit of metaphysical abstractions, led by the nose by words and phrases; by heaven knows what "select, responsible and ridiculous" phantoms of his bustling, fussing world. Does he so much as attempt to rule his actions by the really important issues of life? Does he select for pursuit those things that enlarge his powers, his appreciation, his sense of beauty, of joy; which give him true satisfaction, health of body and peace of mind? Does he not steer his course by the nearest glaring electric light that sears his vision and points nowhere, leaving sun and stars to offer their safe and tranquil guidance over the perilous seas, unregarded?

He throws away as fast as it arrives the only part of life that is truly his, in his haste to glorify and endow that which he can never possess.

"Who supposes that the future arrives?" asks Benjamin Swift; "the future recedes."

And if *this* "present" determines the other "presents" when they come, yet it is the man rendering himself daily more incapable of possessing hereafter that of which he is now despoiling

himself. He refuses the offer of the Now for the sake of a hundred "fictitious entities" of metaphysical fabrication, an offer that may some day seem to him like the gift thrown away of the freedom of the City of Bliss. For with the long repetition of actions, mental and physical, he has formed invincible limitations; and then of what avail his successes? For the world that he inhabits is the world that he sees and knows, and the thickness of the walls that shut him into his little prison-yard of dull habits is the measureless dimension of all the remaining universe.

And all this has its parallel in the eternal postponement of the claims of the living, feeling man and woman to those of the Race—of the Present to the Future. The Religion of Humanity is the religion of the "practical" man, writ large.

And so for ever this tragic shadow-hunt goes on, the fleeing shadows taking a hundred forms: glory, social honour, the family-name, success, and even duty in certain of its more mechanical and superstitious aspects, for this kind of duty leads to disaster for him who follows it and for those for whom it is performed as surely as any other departure from the line of sanity. Each has his vision of the Protean phantom, which sometimes assumes the most respectable of liveries. And, in these cases, the victim signs away his soul in secret compact with the Devil, and has an extremely dull time of it into the bargain! Truly pathetic is the fate of the Hunters of Shadows. For there are few among them who are not weary to death of the game; few who have not at moments a clear knowledge of its nature. Perhaps some fine picture or poem, some note of joy or lament in music, flashes a sudden recognition of the splendours foregone; and for a second, the long-closed doors of the spirit are opened to reveal, deep down, far away, the dying poet in it weeping and weeping—like a child in the dark.

IV

The Religion of Humanity, it must be remembered, is not offered as a *pis aller* ; as the only theory that can be made to fit the obstinate facts. It is offered, on the contrary, as guide and inspiration to the human castaway in the whirlpool of life.

And it is in *that* character that it reveals its emptiness and poverty. Not that the spirit faints at the demand for unrewarded heroism. Such heroism is a tale of every day. It is something quite other that takes the heart out of a man or woman who is exhorted to find inspiration in this lay-figure of a faith. Perhaps they cannot put it into words, but they know that such a religion is to the human heart the very abomination of desolation.

The more orthodox sort of agnostic sees in all this the deplorable result of ages of theological training. Those who shrink from the bleak and hopeless creed are regarded as poor and feeble natures, unable to play a courageous part without the bait of a tinsel heaven or the terror of a melodramatic hell. It seems curious that from this poor worm, the individual, the loftiest heroism is demanded as an everyday matter of course, uninspired by any final hope for himself or for his fellows. Hope? But what hope does the servant of Humanity need but that of spending his paltry self in its service? What can be finer than to work for a day that he will never see?

"A day that no man will ever see," the admonished might reply.

But in any case, the demand for fine actions is not sufficient in itself to form the foundation for a reasonable philosophy of life. There is a sect in Russia whose actions are exceedingly "fine," if absolute self-immolation can make them so, for they bury themselves up to the neck in the earth and remain there steadfastly for weeks, believing that that way fineness lies. Possibly it does ; who shall say that their deeds, though eccentric, are not as heroic and single-minded as those

of any Calendar Saint or good Agnostic? But their philosophy does not prove its rank and value by that. There is, indeed, scarcely a formulated belief that does not demand and may not prompt to heroic actions; for, after all, the despised individual has an astonishing power of heroism when occasion calls; but a creed has to commend itself by something other than its attribute of straining that power to the very uttermost. Our old friend the Juggernaut can do *that* successfully enough.

It is true that there are highly intelligent and nobly-endowed men and women who would hotly deny these statements, who would insist that they found the doctrine entirely sufficient to support a reasonable optimism and a rational form of "eternal hope." But to these, almost invariably, it has come as a welcome deliverer from the old theological prison. They are among the courageous band who took part in the storming of the Bastille of the human spirit. There is an exhilaration and noble enthusiasm which still lingers round the achievements of that magnificent Revolution, and those who are its heroes have won many followers through the might of their personal influence and the instinct of hero-worship that they cannot but arouse. But the dust of battle is beginning to clear away, and the spoils now have to be looked at in the cool and calm of the day after. Not that the spoils are few and paltry. A great stronghold of intellectual tyranny has been taken by assault. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of that victory. Without it we should still be turning, turning, like a squirrel in its cage, and not one inch of progress could we hope to make. But the real fruits of that great emancipation are not yet ours; only the seed is sown, and meanwhile the earth looks bare and wintry, and gives only a few signs here and there of coming spring.

The majority are no longer able to believe, as in the early days of the rationalistic movement, that to abolish God, and King, and Priest and faith in a life to come is to enter upon a spiritual Golden Age. The gain made is chiefly negative.

One cannot, in the long run, find a faith to live and die by merely in the act of ardently *not* believing something, however unworthy of belief the something may be. One does not grow into a profound philosopher on the strength of thinking lightly of Jehovah. A day comes when this seems insufficient, and that day is beginning to dawn for many a freethinker hitherto happy in his negations.

Perhaps a few solid negations, fortified with a robust faith in the *Grand Etre*, has served well enough while life goes smoothly, while the affections are more or less satisfied and the tragedy that hangs over them is but a muttered menace; but with sorrow and lonelier days comes an inner melancholy that can scarcely evade the final secret passage into despair. In one whom life has thus touched to the quick, what has the Religion of the Aggregate to offer?

In thousands and thousands of years, perhaps, at the cost of infinite toil and suffering, conditions are to be better and the human type improved and developed. In that case the man and the woman will have new needs and longings as well as new capacities and perfections, and will be infinitely more sensitive, quicker to respond in every direction; therefore the tragedy of the affections, the agony of sympathy, will grow well-nigh unbearable. And though the power of joy would be also greater, its opportunity could scarcely grow in proportion; for what permanent foundation for joy would there be in a world of highly wrought, highly sensitive beings, who, with infinite capacity for love and pity, must watch the suffering of those they hold dear (and whom would they *not* hold dear?), knowing that for these there would be a few years of mixed pain and pleasure, at best something that they called happiness (after it was over), and then defeat and eternal parting as the end of the passionate human story?

The doctrine cheats and mocks the spirit of man in its profoundest sentiments, confounds his reason, bids him at once reign and abdicate, rule over and set going all the manifold activities of the world, give himself to unremitting efforts for

the sake of his kind, and yet count himself and each of these as mere ephemeral units of no account, although their sum total is of such surpassing value that the hope of adding one iota to its happiness is to brighten and inspire all the toiling years of his life! Alas for such high hopes! Sum-totals are *not* happy, and they cannot be made so, though we die in the attempt.

Look at the matter as we may, we are confronted with absurdity, baffled in the effort to find a way out of the labyrinth of self-stultifying conceptions. Even the simplest of the precepts has its pitfalls.

"Live for others," said a high-minded teacher of the faith to his pupil.

"And what are the others to live for?" inquired the pupil.

V

Live for others.

This maxim must here be considered in relation to the system of thought under review, and in this relationship it becomes almost foolish, losing all the profound meaning and truth that it really possesses. The "living for others" of the orthodox Comtist (in so far as he is really true to his doctrine) is living for *one* other: the Great Being. He must be ready to immolate himself and all "others" who seem to him to endanger the honour and glory of that Idol.

The philosopher of the opposite school (and few there are of them as yet) is concerned with the thinking, feeling individual man and woman; frankly including himself as one of the units, a brother soul who in order to give must also receive, and must not, dare not, despoil himself till he has no riches to bestow, till he must go begging his bread, a mendicant instead of a builder and creator of the life of the world.

But it is profoundly true that "living for others" in this broad and universal and yet individualistic sense is the one and sole mode of "living" in any satisfactory sense at all. No one can be happy in real selfishness, in shutting himself into him-

self, so to speak, for there does exist this great interdependence of living beings which means, in the last resort, that the sufferings of even the "least and worst" of the great kinship set up echoes in the nerves of each and all, and will not let them rest in dull and stupid self-seeking. The great joys are joys of spiritual relationships, and these relationships are of necessity painful in proportion to the selfishness of the nature. Wherever there is a taint of self *there* arises the pang—as, for instance, in the miseries of jealousy and the "claims of affection," as they are naïvely called. But to cast off the burden of self does not mean to become a worshipper of the human aggregate. To move forth from the little local prison into the great life is not to offer Paschal Lambs on the altar of the Race, though it may be to make many a sacrifice and to find a joy in so doing. "He that loseth his life shall find it." Yes, and yes—but *not* in the bosom of the *Grand Etre*!

VI

And now, as the result of this examination, we find that we come into point-blank, four-square opposition to the Religion of Humanity, and to all the tendencies of thought that it fosters, for if the perfecting of the great Aggregate be not the object of the life of the world, then Evolution would seem to be a means to an exactly opposite end: viz., the perfection of the individual. In any case, it could be so directed by the conscious efforts of mankind.

Thus happiness, development of consciousness rather than incessant immolation, becomes the meaning of all life, if meaning there be, and as happiness has been found to be knit inextricably with the social affections, with love which produces a wise and noble form of altruism (as distinguished from a mere slovenly self-neglect and sentimental self-abnegation for abnegation's sake) we find ourselves arrived at the conclusion that the stars in their courses are fighting for the growth of spiritual beauty—*all* beauty doubtless, and a generous, con-

tagious kind of happiness. Again, in the light of this doctrine, we are led to regard the man or woman (or indeed any being with power to suffer and enjoy) as the object of all the solicitude and reverence and tenderness and hope, of all the love of which the human heart, in its most seeing and passionate moments, is capable.

To sacrifice the least of these to the Race would be like the act of a madman who should trample upon his wife and children in the interests of the family, or who should strangle his mother and father out of regard for his parents.

But this leads us to further consequences. For once begin to treat the individual as an end in himself, irrespective of all other things in heaven and earth, and straightway all other things in heaven and earth troop together in beneficent conspiracy to befriend him. Thoughts have a changed polarity, for now each single soul is sacred; the energies take new directions in obedience to the more pitiful thoughts; laws must purge themselves of barbarity, customs lose all conceivable excuse for cruelty, since no longer may the one be made to suffer for the many, the weak for the strong, nor, be it noted, the strong for the weak. No longer will it seem right and natural to inflict suffering for "righteousness' sake," be the victim humble and helpless as he may. The immemorial plea of the "general good" to justify the infliction of particular harm would be as obsolete as it is preposterous. "Good" would no longer be hideously bought by cruelty and harshness, it would be honestly *earned*; as indeed it must, for it can be won in no other way. Society would then recognise in each of her members her own child and handiwork, and even the humblest, meanest, "wickedest," most offending of beings would be regarded as possessing rights as inalienable in their degree as those of the most powerful and praiseworthy, and the whole community would rise as one man to protect them. And in the protecting of rights because they *were* rights, irrespective of the value of the possessor, the State protects itself and the very source of its well-being and progress.

There are nations, sometimes well-ordered, and at any rate *much* ordered, whose institutions have destroyed all initiative and all freedom for the sake of what was deemed the general good ; and we see them stagnating for hundreds and hundreds of years, grinding round and round in the same little circle, repeating for ever their stupid vices and their stupider virtues, after the popular fashion of a hive of bees, those dull, ridiculous and most over-rated insects !

VII

And so we escape from the tragic absurdity of a scheme in which conscious units are incessantly blotted out, while an unconscious aggregate remains to enjoy the harvest of sacrifice ; a clear contradiction in terms. But we are still confronted with the difficulty of conceiving a human existence that would justify an optimistic faith, if death were held to be the end of all the fever and struggle.

But that need not trouble us more seriously in this case than if the *Grand Etre* were still at the centre of things. For if life ends with the grave, at least (on the individualistic theory) *something* has been gained, some beautiful desirable experience has been wrung from the jealous Gods who would fain cheat us of even this small salvage from the wreck. Whereas if the race must first be saved, the great Darkness closes in upon a lot on which the full glow of the Sun of Life has never shone. Thus all would be thrown into the abyss, and none be the better for it.

But our hypothesis, which raises the astonished individual from the gutter to the throne, suggests further possibilities.

The experiences of men transcend in certain directions the experiences of other animals, though all inhabit the same world. This greater experience depends upon the more extended relationships which he holds with the universe of things, and the same is true of civilised man as compared with primitive man, or intellectual man as compared with half-witted or even

average man. Again, there are finer disparities of intuition and apprehension of subtler things, extending one dare not say how far into the domain of the (normally) unknown. What indeed is genius but an unusually extensive relationship with the spiritual universe? All this seems to point to the possibility of what may be called "another life," or rather of coming into touch with another portion of the sum-total of life, the "self" passing under a new set of conditions, not really into another world except in the sense in which a man undergoing some great change of consciousness and outlook may be said to enter another world.

If belief in such survival, or any survival of the change we call death be difficult, belief in the complete annihilation of a personality is scarcely easier. For if that living personality, that soul, does not survive the body, it seems to follow that the body is its parent, and that view forces us to hold that the brain is a mechanical instrument, which is able to grind forth thought and imagination and "will" and passion and love and pity and joy and unspeakable sorrow, as a sausage-machine produces sausages; and that even the keen overpowering sense of personal identity and all the deeper certainties of genius and intuition are products of the same mechanical process, and have no correspondence with any ultimate facts of the universe. But it is to confound the reason to ask it to attribute itself to a mechanism which thus becomes the object of its own perception: brain-products (*i.e.*, reason) contemplating by means of these very brain-products themselves the mechanism which gave them birth! One seems to enter a vicious circle as in the old unresolvable logical dilemma regarding Solon and the Cretans, who were liars according to Solon who was himself a Cretan. Attempt to conceive the "soul" or any non-physical attribute as the product of physical mechanism, and one finds oneself entangled in a network of contradictory and unthinkable consequences. True, this may possibly be no disproof of the theory, but if so human reason is confounded and finds itself utterly unable to accept that

which shatters the fundamental laws of its being. Under such a system one fares scarcely better than if one adhered to some of the older and more picturesque schemes of belief, taking the famous definition of faith for one's guide: Faith is believing that which we know not to be true.

The alternative that remains is that the "soul" is not a brain-product but a brain-associate under certain conditions, the association breaking up when these change, the body ceasing to act in the absence of its inspiring companion. This at least is not more straining to the belief than the idea of a physical instrument giving birth to something wholly unrelated in nature to itself. Figs and thistles themselves have at least a relationship, but thought and the movements of "grey matter" have absolutely none except in regard to time. They occur simultaneously. So do occasionally rain and sunshine.

In no mechanism that we know does the machine give birth to the force that works it: the force is always the first on the field: to be utilised, harnessed, stored, organised, but never to be created by the mechanism from the beginning. Is the brain the sole exception?

And so we are gradually led to a parting of the ways, and have to choose between alternative conclusions: either the reality of things has no relation or correspondence whatever with human intelligence, and the ultimate facts are not only beyond our comprehension but contradictory to our reason—those attributes we call spiritual being mere by-products of matter which has contracted an odd habit of producing that which can turn round and contemplate consciously its unconscious parent—either that is true, or the universe *has* some sort of correspondence with the faculties of the beings it creates, and therefore there is something that answers and is in relationship with the idea of justice and pity and love and all that the human spirit conceives and aspires to. In that case it is hardly possible to imagine that man, or any sentient creature whatever, has been hurled into existence at haphazard to spend a

few hunted years for no purpose in any way related to himself and his fellows.

The folly and injustice of such a scheme could never be redeemed by any ulterior object, however vast and magnificent, judging of course by the only instruments of judgment available, the human mind and heart. For no ulterior object could annihilate or cause *not to have been* the cruelty and the injustice that was once suffered.

Whichever of these alternatives we may accept—or if we can find a means to evade accepting either—the ideal for the civilised State must be to accord to every individual, to every sentient being, be he great or small, deserving or undeserving, first of all security from wrong and cruelty, and then the utmost opportunity of happiness which his nature allows him to embrace and society can help him to possess.

Far indeed are we from the fulfilment and even the adoption of that ideal, and infinite must be the difficulties of following it, for we have to deal with beings who are the fruit of a community still hypnotised by the primitive ideas of sacrifice and punishment. But not for ever can men cling to the notion that violence and bloodshed and retaliation will lead to safety and peace. The days are many, but they are numbered of the old self-perpetuating barbarism of the Vendetta between teacher and pupil, between criminal and State. In face of all the cruelty and horror of the world, a voice is calling for an end of warfare and stupid retaliation, whispering in the very cannon's mouth of a final possible brotherhood and peace.

Thus the dethronement of the *Divus Ridiculus*,¹ the Ridiculous God of the twentieth century, leads to a gospel of mercy and sympathy which the doctrine of Evolution with its condemnation of the "unfit" has been busy teaching misinterpreting man to forget. For some it may also point to the belief of individual survival after death, a doctrine which

¹ In the Roman Campagna not far from the Appian Way stands the ruined and magnificent temple of the Divus Ridiculus.

may be regarded (at worst) as perhaps the least difficult among difficult creeds; at best——

Well, at best, we have the wonderful, unanimous testimony of "seers" of all ages, men and women of high endowment and illumination, and their message to each travailing soul is of eternal hope. What if the great longing that has haunted mankind for all time—not for the miserable material heaven of gold and silver and of foolish angels, but for some Heaven of the spirit and the imagination—what if this longing be prophetic and justified by ultimate realities? What if bliss absolute and perfect be at the back and the end of all things, depending on man himself to evoke and create? What if the smothered passion of the heart which burns in every thinking, feeling human creature, and breaks forth into flame in all real art and literature, were the inner knowledge of this truth, the straining forth towards the hearth-fires of a beloved and longed-for home?

MONA CAIRD.

ON RIDING TO HOUNDS

NOT very long ago an American who had never been in Europe asked me to explain to him "how your fox-hunting in England is conducted—anyway." I did so. I went into details and described to him to the best of my ability exactly what takes place from the time hounds are unkennelled until they run into their fox. He listened attentively, and seemed to be greatly interested. When I had finished he turned to me with a bland look :

"And when you get up to the fox," he said, "you shoot him, I guess?"

I asked him to guess again.

The grotesqueness of that American's idea may strike some of us as being peculiar ; yet there are many thousands of our own countrymen whose notions about fox-hunters, and of what actually constitutes fox-hunting, are in reality almost as hazy. Hunting-men, as a body, are unfortunately inclined to laugh at, or at any rate speak with only thinly-veiled contempt of, the individual who happens not to know anything about their favourite sport—though I confess I could never quite see why, seeing that comparatively only a very small section of the general community has ever had an opportunity even of being present at a meet of hounds. As a natural result the ignoramus—I do not use the word in any sense of disparagement—refrains, lest he should be made fun of, from broaching the subject of hunting when in conversation with those among his

acquaintance whom he knows to be hunting-men and who could therefore enlighten him upon various points that from time to time may have puzzled him, the consequence being that any false impressions that he has acquired remain deeply set. Many persons who will read this article believe, for instance, that every hunted fox meets his death at last by being what in hunting phraseology is termed "mobbed," that is to say hemmed in on every side and killed by the hounds without his being given a chance of escape—one thing above many others that most masters of fox-hounds endeavour to guard against; while only recently a very charming woman, whose antipathy to sport is well-known, wanted me to tell her "why the fox couldn't be killed before being eaten"! Small wonder, then, that sport and sportsmen come to be in disrepute among many otherwise right-minded humanitarians when ideas so preposterous are allowed to gain credence. Indeed, incredible as it may seem to the uninitiated, there are plenty of persons who still honestly believe that fox-hunting causes suffering to the hounds, and very great suffering to the horses, the former being, so they imagine, driven to run themselves almost to death, and the latter spurred and flogged unmercifully. And it is for the enlightenment of those who know little or nothing of fox-hunting that this article is written.

The question was asked recently in a daily newspaper, Wherein does the pleasure of fox-hunting actually lie? That is an inquiry not to be answered off-hand, for the simple reason that the pleasures of the chase appeal to different sets of people in several different ways. The set, for instance, that loves to watch hounds at work, that takes delight in observing every twist and turn of the pack in its effort to discover scent, as often as not is quite content to ride all day without jumping a fence; while plenty of these enthusiastic hound-men, as they are commonly called, would in all probability enjoy the sport almost as much if they were on foot instead of being mounted, provided they were equally well

able to note the movements of the pack. In direct opposition is the set, nowadays probably the biggest set of all, that takes comparatively little interest in hounds, but is satisfied if it gets a good gallop and plenty of jumping. These men come out simply and solely to ride, and but few pretend to come out for any other purpose. Whether they would not be just as happy if instead of running a fox they ran a "drag," that is, an artificial trail, is a moot point. But even to the different members of this particular set, often referred to as the riding division, the pleasure of fox-hunting appeals again in different ways. Some are influenced by the spirit of friendly rivalry that will lead A to try to get a better place in the run than B, and to keep it from start to finish. Others derive just as much pleasure from riding their own line without caring in the least what anybody else is doing. A third group makes it a rule to ride for "points," that is, to places the fox is in their opinion likely to make for. A fourth lot is quite content to gallop along the roads and lanes with the same object in view, namely, to meet at different points the body of the field that is riding across country. Each and all of these minor groups that go to make up the riding division enjoy the sport thoroughly, though not quite in the same way; and, in addition, there is the set that rides to hounds to a great extent for the sake of health and exercise. And that riding to hounds is, for the man or woman accustomed to horse exercise, among the healthiest of all forms of out-door sport, none can gainsay.

Fox-hunting [said a distinguished physician only recently] is the one sport that "stimulates," provided, of course, that the individual is already a horseman. . . . Game-shooting, more especially cover-shooting, and to some extent walking up partridges, takes a man what is called "out of himself;" that is it takes his attention off matters that may be disturbing his thoughts, and consequently it is beneficial. In like manner game-shooting is beneficial to the man whose brain has been working for a long spell at high pressure, inasmuch as it gives the brain fair time in which to recuperate. Fly-fishing is similarly beneficial, though in a lesser degree, while among pastimes golf is the one to be the most recommended for men of middle-age or advanced in years.

. . . There is but one form of sport, however, that in addition to resting the mind by distracting the attention at the same time stimulates the system better than any tonic or treatment could stimulate it, and that, as I have said, is fox-hunting—for the individual accustomed to riding, or even able to ride only fairly well.

Considering impartially this question of what actually constitutes the pleasure of fox-hunting, and looking at the question so far as possible from the standpoint of a man who has never ridden to hounds yet would like to understand what to him must at first sight appear to be an almost incomprehensible kind of fascination, I become at once convinced of one thing, namely, that the actual destruction of life is to fully nineteen men out of every twenty who ride to hounds by far the least attractive part of the sport. I would, indeed, go further, and, at the risk of being taken to task, say that many of our most enthusiastic fox-hunters, men who are fearless riders and who "go" straight to hounds whenever it is possible to do so, secretly feel gratified when a fox that has shown good sport escapes instead of being killed. Naturally the master is keen to "blood" his hounds, especially early in the season, and as naturally the farmers who have refrained from destroying foxes that may have worked havoc among the poultry they forgot to shut up at night are delighted when they hear that yet another of their enemies has been killed. But to the majority of the hunt it is in most instances a matter of indifference whether the fox is killed or not, provided he shows sport; in other words, gives them a run. Anthony Trollope declared that a man on horseback felt "twice a man." He might have added that a man well-mounted, and who has been so fortunate as to get well away at the tail of a good pack of hounds in full cry and heading for a line of open country, feels not merely "twice a man," but as if suddenly obsessed by some peculiarly invigorating and rejuvenating elixir. The mantle of mental depression that may have hung about him from the time he awoke in the morning seems upon such an occasion to drop off him and

then and there be completely forgotten, and this in itself, I think, constitutes one at least of the great witcheries of the sport.

“But are not the days of fox-hunting numbered?” Questions to this effect are asked almost as regularly as the hunting season comes round, and the replies are usually of a contradictory nature. The breezy optimist dismisses the inquiry without a thought and with the one word, “ridiculous.” The pessimist draws a long face and expresses the opinion that within a very few years fox-hunting in this country will be a sport of the past, that at best it will be confined to wild and moorland districts. Personally I am inclined to think that many years will elapse before fox-hunting as a national sport becomes extinct in Great Britain. At the present time the only thing in the least calculated to give it a death-blow is the practice of wiring fences, and this, certainly, sometimes makes one pause and consider. It is true that on the occasion of the annual meeting of the secretaries of the various hunts, which is held at Tattersall's, the consensus of opinion was to the effect that, viewing hunting countries collectively, less wire is put up to-day than a few seasons ago. To be told this is of course satisfactory, and emphatically the men who uttered the statement spoke in all good faith; yet when hunting-men from so many parts of England, and to some extent Ireland, are heard in London clubs complaining in ever-increasing numbers of what they speak of as “the deplorable spread of wire” in the countries in which they hunt, and when one sees for one's self fence after fence marked with danger signals where it seems but yesterday that wire was tabooed, the conclusion arrived at by the hunt secretaries is difficult to reconcile.

The problem that at once naturally presents itself is, What steps can be taken to check the spread of wire? In the first place, then, it should be borne in mind that the landowner, and not the tenant-farmer, is directly to blame for wired fences. A clause in the farmer's lease stating that wire shall not be put up without special permission from the landlord—a clause that

not one farmer in ten will object to—does away with the evil then and there. That the farmer, more especially when not a hunting-man, should use wire in place of wood when repairing his fences, and strengthen many of his hedges by running wire through them, is but natural when he knows that he is quite at liberty to do so, and that wire fencing is probably the least expensive of any. On the other hand the average English farmer—and I speak with knowledge of farmers in many different counties—is as right-thinking a man as any one need wish to meet, and while resenting the dictatorial tone too often adopted by hunting-men of a particular class whenever they have occasion to address him, he is not merely willing, but eager to further the interests of the chase, provided the members of the hunt treat him with ordinary courtesy and consideration. More than once I have heard a farmer shouted at by some aggressive individual for not getting out of the way, when the farmer in question was on his own land, and had a perfect right to summon the horseman for trespass. Indeed, it has always seemed to me, though possibly I may be quixotic, that if only a great body of our hunting-men could be led to exercise more tact, could be induced to stand a little less on their dignity, and could be made to see that a cheery word to a farmer, or for that matter even to a farm-hand, is generally preferable to a scowl or a stony stare, complaints about the damage done by the hunt would be less frequent and less bitter. As a popular master of hounds said to me lately, not in the least in a boastful spirit,

There is hardly a wired fence on any farm where I have been able to call on the farmer myself; yet I have never in my life bribed a farmer to take his wire down, and I believe that, taken as a body, the farmers in most parts of Great Britain and Ireland will do anything in reason to oblige one if they are dealt with in the right way. Set to work bullyragging them, however, and ordering them to do this, that and the other thing when they know as well as you that they are not bound to obey you, and you may whistle for all the satisfaction you will ever get out of any of them.

Of course it is as easy to say that the hunt does no damage

as to say that the unemployed won't work. Yet one has only to walk over a farm that a hundred or so horsemen have just galloped across on a wet day, to realise the fallacy of the former statement. There is no doubt, however, but that certain farmers are wont to exaggerate considerably when complaining to a master of hounds of the damage done by the hunt, in the same way that some cottagers and others send in false returns of poultry killed or alleged to have been killed by foxes. Many masters meet these difficulties half-way and endeavour to balance matters by paying only a proportion of the sums claimed, but for an obvious reason this plan cannot be recommended. The only way to get at the truth in such cases is for (preferably) the master himself, or the hunt secretary, or some tactful member of the hunt, to look into the matter personally and discover what amount of damage really has been done, and then pay compensation accordingly. In some countries six or eight members of the hunt regularly volunteer to make these inquiries, with the result that the amount of time any single one of them has to devote to the business is never great, while the friction between the farmers, the cottage population, and the hunt, is reduced to a minimum. Indeed, to my own knowledge, hunting is far more generally popular in four countries where this "personal inquiry" plan is carried out systematically than it is in any of the other hunting-countries I have stayed in from time to time.

The idea that hunting benefits the farmer by creating a conveniently-situated market in which he can dispose of fodder, &c., is now to all intents and purposes exploded. It is true that in days gone by the great majority of hunting-men used to buy their hay, straw, and oats from farmers on the spot, partly because they found it more convenient to do so, also partly because they wished to do the farmer a good turn; but in this twentieth century, when sentiment is practically a thing of the past, and fodder can be bought in London and other big cities and delivered in country places sometimes for less than some farmers charge for it, the majority of hunting-men who

do not own land in the counties in which they hunt buy almost everything "outside." And without a doubt it is principally the "outsider" who of late years has done so much to bring fox-hunting into disrepute. Nearly always it is the "outsider," the man who has no personal connection with, or interest in, the country, who breaks down fences, rides recklessly over seeds, and leaves gates open or unfastened which, when hounds are not running, he ought to shut and fasten after him, and who incidentally spoils sport by over-riding hounds, heading the fox, and so on. It is chiefly through this man's lack of forethought, too, that the rest of the field often has to suffer by incurring in some instances the odium of landlords as well as tenants. Another modern feature likely to prove detrimental to the prosperity of fox-hunting in the future is the steadily, and in some countries very rapidly, increasing popularity of the "big shoot," which necessitates the rearing of pheasants on a very big scale. That pheasants and foxes can be preserved in the same covers and at the same time has been proved many times over, but what is equally certain is that if pheasants are once seriously disturbed, as they would be if hounds ran through their covers before the first big shoot of the season, a proportion of the birds will in all probability never be found again in those woods, no matter how carefully they may have been reared and fed. Thus it comes about that year by year, as more and more men preserve, more and more covers are closed to hounds almost until Christmas, and sometimes until after Christmas. The feeling of hostility that for this reason was at one time common between hunting-men and shooting-men is now less marked than formerly, possibly because, according to statistics, more men now shoot as well as hunt than in days gone by. At the same time, what with the wiring of fences, the increase in game-preserving, the complaints, just and otherwise, of tenant-farmers, and to some extent of landlords, to say nothing of the growing popularity of motoring that now leads a proportion of our landed proprietors to winter abroad who formerly hunted and thus to

a great extent helped to keep up the *prestige* of the sport, the future of fox-hunting is less brilliant than one could wish it to be. Yet, in spite of all that is urged to the contrary by men who have axes to grind, there is no valid reason for supposing that the "dead-set" which a section of the opponents of sport are striving to organise against hunting and other "blood" sports, as they are called, will prove successful, unless some unforeseen incident should occur that might be likely to help their cause.

BASIL TOZER.

GHOSTS OF PICCADILLY

CLARENDON HOUSE AND DEVONSHIRE HOUSE

THREE years or less from its building, Clarendon House was a monument of fallen greatness. Within twenty years it was gone for ever. Devonshire House, built a year later, has been for two hundred years the home of one of the very few most prosperous families in England, and shelters still perhaps the most distinguished head of that family. For eighteen years they stood side by side. I do not know that there is any moral in particular to be drawn from the circumstance, unless that it is safer to go slowly, but the contrast must needs arrest the eye of a moralist.

The building of Clarendon House in itself seemed to show a man whose head was turned by high position. In 1664 Hyde was at the summit of his power, Lord Chancellor of England, and still overawing his Sovereign. His daughter was wife to the Heir-Apparent. But Charles was already wearying of this tutelage, and anxious to escape from it, and two great shadows were on their way, the arrival of an unhappy war and the non-arrival of a child to the Queen, which were to darken the Chancellor's head in the eyes of the people. "He has married his daughter to the Duke of York and looks to be grandfather of Kings, curse him," said the people.

However, in 1664 Charles granted him a large tract of land,

eastwards to Swallow Street, which now is, and uncertainly but generously westwards, and later the City of London gave him (practically) a lease of the Conduit Mead, covered now by New Bond Street, Brook Street, and so forth. He chose the spot at the top of St. James's Street, fronting St. James's Palace, which to the envious this upstart palace might seem to rival, and began building with the stones intended to repair old St. Paul's—in itself a tactless proceeding. The admiring Pepys and the complimentary Evelyn recorded the erection in diaries and letters. Evelyn wrote to Lord Cornbury, Clarendon's son, a most eloquent panegyric on it, and pronounced it "the first palace in England, deserving all I have said of it and a better encomiast," and ended with the pious wish that when Clarendon "shall have passed to that upper building not made with hands," his posterity ("as you, my Lord") might inherit the palace—and the rest of his greatness. Alas for the builder so soon to be ruined, and his posterity to be impoverished!

In 1667 the deluge began. The Dutch sailed up to Gravesend and the mob broke the windows of Clarendon House. They called it Holland House, suggesting bribes from the Dutch; Dunkirk House, with the idea that Clarendon was bribed to sell Dunkirk; and Tangier Hall, because they had no use for Tangier, which he had acquired for England. A most unpopular edifice. "They have cut down the trees before his house," writes Pepys, "and broke his windows; and a gibbet either set up before or painted upon his gate, and these words writ: 'Three sights to be seen: Dunkirke, Tangier, and a barren Queen.'"

This last accusation, as Mr. Wheatley says, was unjust, because Clarendon could not help it, had even opposed the marriage with Catharine of Braganza. But the mob was not alone in giving him the blame of the unlucky non-result. The Court did so too, and Rochester, challenged by the King to find a rhyme to Lisbon, fired off:

Here's health to Kate
Our Sovereign's mate
Of the Royal House of Lisbon :
But the devil take Hyde
And the Bishop beside
Who made her bone of his bone,—

an impromptu, let us hope, for then the rhyme is brilliant.

Two months later Sir William Morrice was sent to the fine new house to demand the Great Seal from its owner.

So he sat in his great house, with its wings and its turret in the middle, and its low wall running along Piccadilly and its fine gates, sat there and wondered how long he might sit there still. The workmen were not yet out of the place altogether, and I daresay Clarendon guessed with what gibes they were building for him. Evelyn visited him in December, and found him "in his garden, at his new-built palace, sitting in his gowt wheel-chayre, and seeing the gates setting up towards the north and the fields. He looked and spoke very disconsolately." The picture is pathetic enough, for if Clarendon fell short of being a great man, he was at least a zealous and strenuous man; he had shared his master's exile and had seen the cause of his master triumph, only himself to fall. He was impeached for high treason and wrote humbly to Charles, "I do upon my knees beg your pardon for any over-bold or saucy expressions I have used to you . . . a natural disease in old servants who have received too much countenance." For a sensualist Charles was not hard-hearted, but Clarendon had gone too far and too long against his comfort, and he let his old servant's enemies have their way.

Clarendon fled to Calais, to die in exile seven years later, and pious versifiers took care to dwell on the affair of those unlucky stones. "God," wrote one,

God will revenge, too, for the stones he took
From aged Paul's to make a nest for Rooks.

The house was leased by his sons, Cornbury and Lawrence Hyde, who was a favourite and companion of Charles, to the

Duke of Ormond. There, again, is a figure sorrowful in a way, though not disastrous. At the Court of Charles II., Ormond was out of date. He was a great noble, too great—unless, indeed, he had overtly combated the Government—to be sent the way of Clarendon, a new man, and Charles himself never failed in respect to this old and potent servant of his father; it is recorded that Buckingham once asked him whether the Duke of Ormond had lost his favour or he the Duke's since it was the King who was embarrassed when they met. But this was a parvenu Court. His ancient nobility fatigued the King and he set about him new people, male and female, who could amuse him. The Duke of Ormond must have chafed at the upstarts and foreigners who were more powerful than he, and must have known that there was something ironical in their deference to him, that his stateliness and older fashion were ridiculed behind his back. It was fated that no happy man should be master in Clarendon House.

It was while he lived there that a most extraordinary outrage was done on him, and that perhaps the most extraordinary scene that ever happened in Piccadilly took place; it was finished there if it was begun in St. James's Street, and so comes scrupulously into my pages.

In the year 1670, less than two centuries and a half ago, this powerful noble, driving up St. James's Street towards his house fronting it, in his coach, with six footmen attending him, was set upon by ruffians, seized and hurried along Piccadilly towards Tyburn, where they proposed to hang him.

I am tempted to digress into the history of Colonel Blood, that most melodramatic villain with the most convenient name, a history which no romancer would have dared to invent. It would colour my quiet pages to relate how he stole the Crown from the Tower and very nearly got off with it, and other surprising feats. But it is not in the bond, and the reader may go to no more recondite a source than Scott's notes to his "Peveril of the Peak," and the adventure I may tell is startling enough.

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The Duke of Ormond had been dining in the City, in attendance on the Prince of Orange, then in England, and was returning home; it was a dark night. He always took six footmen abroad with him, but did not allow their weight on his coach, having spikes on it to prevent their clambering up; they went on either side of the street. Bloods ruffians contrived to stop the footmen, while Blood and his son dragged the Duke from the coach.

And now, if Blood had been content with simple murder, he might have done it. But the Duke was his old enemy; he had attributed to Ormond the Act of Settlement in England of 1663 which had inconvenienced Lieutenant Blood, as he was then, and by a plot had nearly captured Dublin Castle, and Ormond, the Lord-Lieutenant of the time, within it—like a proper villain of melodrama, Blood never *quite* succeeded in his fell purposes. So now his artist villainy prompted a finer revenge than mere stabbing. He would hang the Duke at Tyburn. They forced him on horseback and buckled him to one of the ruffians, and then Blood rode off, saying he would tie a rope to the gallows. The coachman, meanwhile, drove on to Clarendon House and gave the alarm, telling the porter “that the Duke had been seized by two men, who had carried him down Pickadilly.”

Blood's swagger undid him. For the Duke, though sixty, which was old age in those days, was still a man of his hands and struggled valiantly, so that the ruffian in front of him made but slow progress. They had got a good way past Devonshire House, however, on the road between the fields towards Knightsbridge, when the Duke cleverly got his foot under the ruffian's and fell with him into the mud. By now the neighbourhood was alarmed and rescue was arriving and the ruffian made off, so that Blood, coming impatiently back from Tyburn to meet his victim, found his followers in flight. The Duke, exhausted, had to be carried home to Clarendon House, and lay ill there for some days. I fear Piccadilly is no pleasant haunting-place for his ghost.

No happy person ever possessed Clarendon House. It was sold, after Clarendon's death, to the young Duke of Albemarle—the second, Monk's son—and he was a spendthrift and a drunkard. (Clarges Street, by the way, is called after his uncle, Sir Thomas.) He went out to Jamaica to seek a sunken Spanish galleon, found his galleon, but lived not to enjoy the gold. His widow was the madwoman, whose illusion, that she should marry the Grand Turk, made the fortune of the first Duke of Montagu, but her history belongs not to Piccadilly.

The Duke of Albemarle sold Clarendon House, which he had called Albemarle House, to a "little syndicate"—as we now affectionately call such bodies—which gave £35,000 for the house and the ground about it. The syndicate seems to have known its business, since Evelyn tells us that it recovered this money by the sale of the old materials alone. Its leading spirit was Sir Thomas Bond, of Peckham.

So the ill-fated house was pulled down and four new streets—Dover, Albemarle, Bond, and Stafford—were built on its site—the name of one of the earliest of those speculators who are the pride of our country immortalised among them. It was being pulled down when Evelyn drove by with Lord Clarendon, the Chancellor's son, and tactfully, as he tells us, turned his head the other way. Evelyn, too, moralises very beautifully over the demolition. "See," says he, and so say I, "the vicissitudes of earthly things!"

Turn we to a happier theme. Devonshire House was at first Berkeley House, built in 1665 for Lord Berkeley, of Stratton, who has left both these names to the two streets westwards. With him I need not linger, nor do more than mention the fact that Queen Anne lived here in 1695.

The Cavendishes began their long possession in 1697 with William, the first Duke of Devonshire.

There seems ever to have been a sort of dignified reticence

about this family, which greatly impresses me as a man but rather baffles me as a scribbler.

The roaring generations flit and fade,

and there is ever a Devonshire filling his eminent position, calm, retiring, imperturbable, and never an amusing thing to tell of any one of them. The first Duke, to be sure, is said by Horace Walpole to have been "a patriot among the men, a Corydon among the ladies," and a lady complimented him in a poem as one

Whose soft commanding looks our breasts assailed,

but these dashing qualities resulted in no history we can chuckle over now. He did indeed cause a public scandal, but it was in a curiously lugubrious manner. Being a very religious man—as Major Pendennis said of his friend who played piquet all day except on Sundays—the Duke insisted on putting up a monument in a church to the memory of his mistress, Miss Anne Campion, the singer. The public was indignant, and Pope's ready lash fell on the Duke, who was dead by then, and probably would not have paid much attention had he been alive.

The third Duke had the pleasure of rebuilding the house, which was destroyed by fire in 1733, after a design by William Kent. Many severe criticisms have been passed on it, and ironical compliments on the wall, which till lately hid it. Mr. Max Beerbohm once wrote an eloquent essay protesting against the insertion of the gates in the wall, but his reason, I think, was that the unbroken brick conveyed an agreeable air of mystery. For my part, the ugliness of Devonshire House, if it is ugly, does not displease me. Plainness and severity of design suit the climate, the atmosphere, the tone and temperament generally, of London. If architecture, as Goethe said, is as frozen music, then that of London should be solemn marches and simple airs, not roulardes and fandangoes. Devonshire House is well enough.

And so, I do not doubt, were the third Duke and the fourth, but there is nothing to say of them.

But the fifth Duke has a lustre about him time cannot dim, for he married Lady Georgiana Spencer.

I wonder no one as yet has written a "Book of Duchesses." The very title would make it popular, and it might really be full of the most excellent differences. To my mind the most interesting figure in it would not be Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire. Force of character, strength of will, and single-hearted selfishness of purpose exalt the great Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, beyond all other duchesses. I sometimes fancy that she, with her harsh common sense and her overbearing ways, created that popular tradition of a duchess which humourists and comedies have fixed in the public mind. But most fascinating of duchesses to imagine—far more so than any of those jolly, but a little coarse, wantons who were made duchesses by Charles II.—Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire beyond question was.

Lineally descended from the great duchess I have named, she is said to have been like her, but assuredly must have had a kindness and softness in her face which the other lacked. Faultlessly beautiful she was not, though that "her hair was not without a tinge of red," as Sir Nathaniel Wraxall remarked, would not now prevent our thinking her so. But with her freshness and grace, her sensitive, intelligent features, we can picture the outward setting as fit enough for the soul that led and sweetened and held the hearts of that great aristocratic society.

And what a society it was! Many writers, this one among the least of them, have tried to express it, but none has quite succeeded. A society coherent, small, as it were a large family, of unquestioned authority and power, and therefore free from the nervous assertiveness which marks aristocracies apparent but unreal; punctilious in a way, but to our conception free-spoken to the last degree; sure of itself and therefore not superfcially exclusive, as, indeed, the best of English society

has seldom been; cultivated sometimes, and always wishing to be thought so, which is at least a better mood than the pride of ignorance so common in England now; amorous, adventurous, free-living, and with the humour ever running to eccentricity which, till lately, was always characteristic of our people, "high or low"—can any one deny the charm of such a society? It had the vices, I know, which have characterised leisure and abundance in every age. It gambled persistently and not infrequently broke its marriage vows. Indeed, one may regret that certain preachers of our day were not alive then for a proper field for their abilities. The "Smart Set" they castigate now is a trivial bogey. Our society is an incoherent mass split up into coteries, and possibly of one coterie or another it may be said with truth that it practises the vices named as a regular habit. But not—and this is the important point—a coterie with power and prestige. Our society is specialised, and the people with political influence are hard-working, innocently recreating folk; what the unimportant "smart" people do may matter to themselves, but is not the national concern the preachers would have it. The evils of our community are not to be found in such matters—they are evils beside which these are trumpery.

In this eighteenth century it was otherwise. It was the men ruling the country, or, at least, having its ear who were the gamblers and libertines. The Duke of Grafton and Lord Sandwich were important politicians: Charles Fox was the most reckless prodigal of his age. Even matched with our own delinquents, not with our statesmen, these sinners were dreadful. Two years ago there was a great scandal in London because a young man lost £10,000 at a club, playing *écarté*. But when Fox and FitzPatrick held their faro bank at Brooks's—the now so impressively respectable Brooks's—such losses were daily or nightly events.

Ah well, I am a Socialist, and am far from setting up this old English society as an ideal state of things. Yet it was not

in itself more harmful than many a ring of respectable plutocrats now, and that it had an agreeable tone—an ironical, tolerant, life-loving tone—all its letters show, not only those of intellectual connoisseurs of life like Horace Walpole, but those of all the casual sporting men and women who wrote to George Selwyn.

It was, of course, the Whig branch of it, over which her Grace of Devonshire presided, a more charming hostess, one imagines, than a little later Whig society found in the imperious Lady Holland. One of her closest intimates was Charles Fox himself, and that alliance must have been pleasant indeed to watch—Charles with his heavy frame and his big-featured, swarthy face, lit up with that indescribably gay twinkle of fun and good temper his best portrait shows us, and she, blonde and arch and eager—what would not we give to listen to them?

She came of a clever and spirited family. Her sister was the Lady Diana who was divorced by the second Lord Bolingbroke, the “Bully” of the Selwyn letters, and married Topham Beauclerk, Dr. Johnson’s strangely chosen companion—the Lady Diana who was so clever at drawing Cupids. She was loved at home and there is a touching anecdote told by Wraxall of her other sister, Lady Bessborough’s grief for her death. So we picture her, gay, clever, a little spoiled perhaps, marrying at seventeen the fifth Duke of Devonshire. “She is a lovely girl,” wrote Horace Walpole, “natural and full of grace; he, the first match in England.”

And what was he besides? Calm—that is the note struck in the accounts of him beyond all others. “A nobleman,” Wraxall describes him, “whose constitutional apathy formed his distinguishing characteristic. His figure was tall and manly, though not animated or graceful; his manners always calm and unruffled. He seemed to be incapable of any strong emotion, and destitute of all energy or activity of mind.” This apathy, it would seem, did not yield to the charms of conversation in Devonshire House; the Duke, to rouse himself, had

to repair to Brooks's and play at whist or faro. It is agreeable to know, however, that he "possessed a highly improved understanding," and was regarded as an infallible referee at Brooks's when there was any dispute about passages in Roman poets or historians. (What place in our day combines gambling with discussions on the Roman poets?) He possessed also "the hereditary probity characteristic of the family of Cavendish," which perhaps was made a little easier by the more than comfortable circumstances also characteristic of that family. George the Fourth passed a severe judgment on him in his famous criticism of the way which people had come forward to be invested with the garter, stating that "the Duke of Devonshire advanced up to the Sovereign with his phlegmatic, cold, awkward air, like a clown." We may as well take the more complimentary view and believe that he was simply calm. But even so it seems a figure of somewhat excessive calmness, and it is almost a relief to learn that beneath all this apathy he was not "insensible to the seduction of female charms."

It might be supposed that a woman so active and emotional as his Duchess would not be happily joined to a man normally so unruffled and roused only by cards and female charms, which, unfortunately, it seems were not necessarily those of his wife, and we might look for quarrels. Happily, however, these contrasting temperaments not infrequently agree well enough, and it is not on record that the Duke's calm was unpleasantly ruffled by his wife. That she was wild and inclined to be dissipated is true. There is a letter from Lady Sarah Bunbury in which the writer laments the Duchess's preposterous hours, but there is no hint in it of the mistake into which Lady Sarah herself alas! was soon to fall. She played cards, of course, like all her world, but the play does not seem to have been serious enough to keep the Duke at home, or perhaps he preferred masculine methods at the card-table. Also, if we may believe the writer of a "Second Letter to the Duchess of Devonshire," a pamphlet

which the curious will find in the British Museum, she sometimes made undesirable acquaintances. It must have been agreeable to have such kind and intimate things printed and published about one as this: "I am disposed to think, nay, I have very substantial reasons for thinking, that your Grace places an unreserved confidence in persons whom the Duke of Devonshire does not approve and from whom Lady Spencer has in vain endeavoured to separate you." But I think we need gather only that even this Duchess of Devonshire did not please everybody. While the curious, by the way, are in the British Museum they might ask also for a poem of the period called "The Duchess of Devonshire's Cow," and admire the appalling insipidity from which the print of no age is free.

I trust the censor quoted above did not allude to Dr. Johnson. "I have seen the Duchess of Devonshire," writes Wraxall again, "then in the first bloom of youth, hanging on the sentences that fell from Johnson's lips, and contending for the nearest place to his chair." Is there any man of letters on whose sentences duchesses hang now? If there be, I doubt he is not so sound as Dr. Johnson. Let us remember, when we think of this lady and her friends, that their homage to genius was not a mere fashion; that they read and understood and thought; it is a quality which we may surely set against much else that they did unwisely. As the English aristocracy has been gradually commercialised, its sport has been continued with enthusiasm, but its culture has sadly fallen away. As for vices, they were never very difficult to learn. It is a pleasant side to this duchess, who had "far more of manner, politeness, and gentle quiet," than Fanny Burney had expected in so dashing a great lady.

Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire is chiefly remembered now as the prototype of lady canvassers, for her exertions in behalf of Charles Fox in the Westminster election of 1784. When "the Piccadilly Beauty" had done her work,

The butchers and the bakers,
The grocers, undertakers,
The milliners and toymen,
All vote for Carlo Khan.

She entered, the Cornwallis Correspondence tells us, "some of the most blackguard houses in the Long Acre," and, as we all know—but I am not afraid of being hackneyed—bought Steel the butcher's vote with a kiss. She had then one of the finest compliments ever paid a woman, when an Irish mechanic exclaimed: "I could light my pipe at her eyes!" Which, madam, would you like best, that, or the famous compliment which Steel—not the butcher but Dick Steele—paid another woman? Would you rather a pipe could be lit at your eyes or that to know you were a liberal education? I wonder.

Four years earlier, in the Gordon Riots, she had to flee from Devonshire House to Lord Clement's in Berkeley Square, where she slept in the drawing-room on a sofa or small tent bed.

She died in 1806, and Charles Fox said they had lost the kindest heart in England. There is nothing, I think, to be added about the calm Duke, except that he married again, the Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire, about whose portrait by Gainsborough there was a fuss some years ago. She let Byron his house in Piccadilly and I regret to say had some difficulty in getting the rent paid.

So Clarendon House, with nothing to its memory but the story of a fall, is gone, and Devonshire House, the scene of a thousand great festivals, the home of important Dukes in un-failing line, stands still, lordly and prosperous. Yet I doubt if any ghost but one comes from its gates and haunts Piccadilly with an interest for us so arresting as that of the beaten old statesman, whom we may picture in some solitary night, sitting somewhere in Albemarle Street, where his garden was, in his "gowt wheel-chair," looking disconsolately.

Which of those calm, unruffled dukes appeals to us now?

They had character, for the most part, to stand well with their contemporaries, and sense not to fling away the gifts which by accident of birth were theirs. A worthy and impressive line, it cannot fascinate our imagination. One gracious and fair ghost comes out of Devonshire House and rewards our homage with a smile. I am sure if she goes his way and sees poor Clarendon in his wheel-chair she says something kind to him.

G. S. STREET.

THE BEAUTY AND USES OF OUR NATIONAL ART SONGS

MORE, perhaps, than at any other period in our social history we now have promoters of opera, symphony concerts, musical festivals, choral societies, and what not, all busily employed both in London and the provinces, chiefly with the advancement of foreign music. Whilst these promoters are inconsequently aided and abetted in their efforts by the Press in general, there is, on the other hand, a small, but apparently steadily growing, tendency on the part of an intelligent section of the British public to be interested in native music. There is, moreover, an educational movement on foot, whose leaders strongly advocate the necessity of teaching British music, and British music only, in our schools. It may be remarked at the outset that the spirit of our national music has always been vocal. We have never evolved a musical instrument of any importance; we have contributed no essential element to the best forms of modern instrumental music. But already at a very early date English musicians realised highly characteristic forms of song, distinct from those of other nations. These may be conveniently summed up under the generic heading of our national art songs, a term which can include, first, a fine vocal literature of songs—English, Irish, Welsh, and Scotch, many of them of thirteenth- and fourteenth-century origin, and—especially amongst the Keltic varieties—long

since enrolled amongst the world's best vocal classics ; and, second, an equally fine literature of rounds, catches, and glees, as well as the beautiful but more rigid and complex style of the madrigal. The term national art song should even, one thinks, be extended without hesitation to our nursery rhymes, there being no lack of art in the evolution of these last-named naïve and racy little tunes. As to the glee,

it is a form of composition quite distinct from the German part-song, and of infinitely higher interest ; and of so truly national a character that it has never in one single instance been produced in any other country than our own, or set to other than English words.¹

The Anglo-Saxon derivation of the word glee would seem to point to a slow but uninterrupted structural development of this exquisite form of English part-song, reaching a culmination in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. As it is, musical form can be illustrated no more aptly by a Haydn symphony or a Beethoven sonata than by the delightful glees of Stevens and Webb. If this kind of music be now comparatively little practised, its neglect is due not so much to a constant advance in musical composition, but rather to the fact of there being at present few Englishmen possessed of the combined musical and vocal ability requisite in good unaccompanied part-singing. Whether our wealth of beautiful vocal compositions, as we now know them, may or may not have sprung originally from indigenous folk-music, *i.e.*, music unconsciously evolved by an untutored people, is difficult to decide with any degree of accuracy. And as one instance amongst many of the curious confusion obtaining as to what shall be defined as our national music, one may quote the inclusion of Haydn's canzonetta, "My Mother bids me bind my hair," in a collection of "English Minstrelsie," made by the folk-song expert, the Rev. S. Baring-Gould. The presence of folk-music, circulating with any degree of vitality in a country, suggests something besides an inherent musical strain in its originators, since it usually also indicates a comparatively low standard of national development. Herein lies

¹ Grove's "Dictionary of Music." Old Edition.

a curious paradox. It was doubtless owing to our especially early national development that a Shakespeare was possible in the sixteenth century. One or two of the songs with which he so freely interspersed his plays—Ophelia's song, "How should I your true love know," for example—might well have been linked with the unsophisticated vernacular of folk-music; but the greater number of the Shakespearean lyrics are of a refinement and logical sequence, indicating a corresponding stage in musical development quite beyond the primitive utterances of uncultivated folk-song. In Russia, on the other hand, scarcely more than a hundred years ago, there was still a peasantry, probably very much on a par with what the English "folk" may have been in the thirteenth century: when music first took root with us as a written art. This peasantry was discovered to be steeped in an atmosphere of untranscribed song, dance and legend, an atmosphere which has not yet wholly evaporated. In the more isolated parts of Scotland again, in Ireland, and in Wales, there may still be traced a quantity of traditional airs stamped with the ancient impress of the Keltic people. With regard to the emanations of strictly English folk-music, it may be observed that already in the reign of Elizabeth we find that tactful and capable legislator prohibiting the minstrels who frequented wassailings, harvest homes, sheep-shearings, and similar popular festivals. Elizabeth was assuredly obsessed by no violently puritanical prejudices. She inherited decided musical tastes from her father, and constantly encouraged the art amongst the cultivated circles who gathered at her Court. Hence the prohibition of minstrels and singers amongst the people naturally leads one to suppose that their favourite tunes and dances were not esteemed as being of very elevating and inspiring influence. This digression, it should be added, is not intended as a slur upon any useful work achieved by stray believers in the innate musical gifts of the English masses. One wishes, on the contrary, only to emphasise the fact, that whereas to some of us the bulk of the English people have never been conspicuously musical, this is

all the more reason for a strenuous attempt at a wide cultivation amongst them upon fundamentally musical and melodious principles of the most humanising, the most spiritually emotional, of all the arts. A token of the apparent desire for a revival of British vocal music is the ever increasing number of new editions of our national songs. We may mention for instance: "Rounds, Catches and Canons" (ed. J. Powell Metcalfe); "British Nursery Rhymes" (ed. Moffat and Kidson); "A Book of British Songs for Home and School" (ed. Cecil Sharp); "The Cambrian Minstrelsie" (6 vols., ed. Joseph Parry); "The Minstrelsies of England, Ireland, and Scotland" (ed. Moffat); "Songs of the British Isles" (ed. W. H. Hadow); "Irish Folk Songs" (ed. A. P. Graves and C. Wood); "The National Song Book" (ed. C. V. Stanford); and the interesting publications of the recently founded Oriana Madrigal Society (ed. C. Kennedy Scott). The names of many more publications of a like nature might be given. To a thoughtful onlooker, however, it will appear well nigh useless to multiply editions of our songs, no matter how able and erudite the editor, or how informing his historical notes, unless the ears of those for whom the songs are intended be attuned to sing them aright. A contributor to the *Times* recently inferred that a sure way to make song hated instead of loved is to teach it in our schools.¹

Such an inference at once pre-supposes wholly inefficient, unintelligent instructors. Music has this much in common with language, that in order to reach any degree and nicety of perfection in giving utterance to either one or the other, the main qualification must be a quick sensitive ear. Some children come into the world with this quickened hearing. They are born with an instinctive sense of pitch, an innate sympathy and craving for purity of tone. To the generality of English people such children are quite abnormal. Equally abnormal though is the child who is completely tone deaf, incapable, that is, of melodious oral training, provided it be

¹ *Times* Literary Supplement, September 7, 1906.

taken in hand before the ear has become irretrievably vitiated by bad tone in music or corrupt accent in language. Much harm can undoubtedly happen in these respects before its fifth year, the age when our compulsory education begins; still, granted care and capacity on the part of the teacher, the damage need not be irrevocable. That music appeals to the emotions primarily though the hearing, and that without purity and sweetness of tone it ceases to be music, are facts lately dawning upon certain of our educationists. Thus in its Blue Book of suggestions (1905) the Board of Education very rightly observes that: "It is of the utmost importance that little children should be trained to sing sweetly." But to attain this result it should also be observed that all children—and this particularly at the starting-point of their instruction—should only listen to the very purest singing and artistic interpretation, albeit nothing more difficult than a nursery rhyme be chosen for the lesson. Indeed, the simpler the medium, the more direct its appeal to the nascent emotional sensibility of the child, the better. In "Mary, Mary, quite contrary"; in "Little Bo Peep"; in "Dame, get up and bake your pies"—to give no other examples, there are charming possibilities of artistic rendering equal to a very high standard of art perfection.¹

Initiatory lessons in singing need not last for more than ten minutes at a time, preferably repeated at frequent intervals. After a certain period of gradual listening, most children will take an intense pleasure in hearing pure singing of the kind which one would wish to have presented to them always. They will no longer require to be "made" to sing. Their first efforts may be tentative; yet they are fairly certain to catch

¹ In the Blue Book suggestions just alluded to, is further noticed a difficulty in obtaining songs for very small children that are not commonplace. Here is a fine field of inspiration for our composers. The writing of good and suitable songs which shall attract and educate an infant population would not necessarily be an occupation beneath the dignity of the most gifted musician.

a true echo of the instructor's performance ; and this exactly in proportion to its excellence or otherwise.

Now it is perhaps not too hazardous an assertion to remark that at least 70 per cent. of our musical instructors are themselves wholly incapable of sweet, well-phrased singing; although in other respects they may be capable enough musicians. The trainer of the ear to sweet and melodious tones may possibly be no expert upon any musical instrument, nor equipped with any remarkable volume of voice power. But the material at his or her disposal will be turned to the best account, the singers having studied the process of natural and correct breathing. It cannot be too frequently reiterated that they must be able to sing *in tune* without the deceptive prop of a pianoforte accompaniment, and must be ready to detect and correct the slightest deviation of tone in the singing of others.¹ Added to these qualifications should be a capability of fluently singing at sight and accurately transposing any simple melody, as well as taking a part in vocal chamber music. Here perhaps we have a fair criterion of the aims of English musical culture in the eras of Elizabeth and of Milton, epochs when music was practised and enjoyed by the leading men of the nation, including statesmen, philosophers and poets. Nor, with a staff of perfectly equipped teachers, is there any reason why modern English children of even our low average of musical ability should not be able to do all this at the age of fourteen, when our compulsory education ends, given half an hour's daily tuition throughout their nine years of schooling. Infinitely less costly and pretentious than the course of mechanical training meted out annually to the hundreds of persevering students who leave our music schools, the proud possessors of useless certificates and medals, could be the acquirement of an efficient ear trainer's knowledge. It

¹ Pianos should preferably be omitted as mediums of elementary musical instruction. But if used, the utmost care should be taken that they are well conditioned, and always kept perfectly tuned. Nothing vitiates the ear more than continual association with a badly-tuned instrument.

would also mean a firm musical basis for any further training from vocal and instrumental experts in the higher branches of the art. Without this basis the tortures of the pianoforte labours, carried on with surprising and often lamentable industry in the schoolrooms of the leisured classes, are lacking in every musical element. If the expediency and national utility of teaching music at all to an unmusical people be questioned, one may reply that music, apart from its own intrinsic qualities, has many direct and valuable points of contact with the chief requisites of a good general education. It can serve—and in a singularly attractive manner—to foster memory, precision, rhythm, and a keen sense of beauty. It affords first-rate opportunities of stimulating the imagination. It may be profitably employed as the sympathetic handmaiden of poetry, and this most closely and naturally for English children by means of our national art songs, many of the poems of which are gems from our finest literature. Both in singing and speaking, clear, intelligent diction, with due light and shade of emphasis, have grown so rare that when met with they come almost as a surprise. Yet we have no lack of admirable material for inculcating both. Incidentally, too, a good round, such as the seventeenth-century "Great Tom is Cast," or "Turn again, Whittington," or a ballad, such as "The Bay of Biscay," or "Here's a Health unto his Majesty," may be used to awaken an abiding interest in history and geography. Granted that the attainment of a true and sensitive ear might be the first aim of all our musical training, then the anomaly of hideous hooting and shouting, common to the dispersal of an *al fresco* audience, after the "musical education of the masses" by a County Council band, let us say, would soon be unimaginable. The standard of these municipal concerts would also have to be considerably raised; and many discordant and vulgar varieties of noise which are accepted only too often as music in our churches, concert-rooms, and theatres might cease to be. And with well-trained, sensitive ears, the innumerable young ladies who

now crowd our concert platforms, presumably with a view to a musical career, might learn to appreciate their native idiom at its true worth. English is not an easy language for vocal treatment. But it should at least be easier for native singers than a foreign tongue, of which they evidently have no more than a "singing" knowledge, a very unsafe quantity. Apart also from their verbal idiom, our national songs have, as already remarked, a musical idiom of their own, which, whilst it can appeal directly to all human beings, should naturally be nearest to ourselves, the psychology of nations differing as widely as does the temperament of individuals. Our own songs, therefore, should come far more within the intellectual and emotional grasp of the majority of our singers than the German lyrics from which our more ambitious vocalists mainly draw their programmes, often, it must be confessed, to the grave amusement of any German listener chancing to be present. Whilst one would not neglect the advancement of our rural class, it would yet seem of more vital importance, with the present distribution of our population, to cultivate the hearing and quicken a finer emotional perception, especially amongst our town-dwellers. Increased facilities of cheap and rapid transit are likely at no distant date to solve the "back to the land" problem. Even now, here and there, sparsely populated rural districts show signs of becoming suburbs to our towns. Thus it is evidently the townsfolk who in future will strike the moral, intellectual, and also the musical, keynote for our village life. In spite of the prevailing plethora of concerts in London, it has been computed, and probably with tolerable accuracy, that out of some four and a half millions of metropolitan inhabitants not more than 10,000 are regular concert- and opera-goers. Whether the abstention is the outcome of good or bad taste on the part of the public is an open question. But in any case, the cultivation of English musical taste upon simple but genuinely artistic lines would not fail, one believes, to give an immense impetus to modern English composition. Each generation of

intelligent, thoughtful training would inevitably beget ever higher ideals for listeners, performers, and composers alike. With a singularly unpropitious soil England has, nevertheless, during the last twenty years or so produced a small group of composers worthy to revive and carry on her best musical traditions. The signal drawback to the progress of these gifted men is that with our existent musical conditions, they have little or no incentive to achieve their best. At a recent experimental performance of opera for children given at Camden, it was calculated that only 1 per cent. of the 1400 children present had ever heard an opera. An admission of this nature could not be brought home to any modern country where music is valued as a great educational factor. The choice, moreover, of Donizetti's "*Lucia di Lammermoor*" for the occasion could but lead a reflective onlooker to consider how few operas there are really suitable for children and adolescent audiences. No English work ready to the purpose can be recalled, and hardly more than a dozen from foreign schools.¹

Here, as in an accredited want of songs for infants, is a fertile field for the young British composer. If music could once be seriously recognised and reckoned with as a national element in our life, then opera for children would open up a new vista of inspired vitality and healthy artistic enterprise for more than one section of our community. "If the future progress of England is to depend more and more upon education—that is to say, on the cultivation of our inherited qualities—and if progress, according to the teaching of modern science, can only be a process of evolution from the inherited onwards and upwards, it is essential that this education should be English in its outward form and inward spirit, in its aims and

¹ Such as Tchaikovsky's delightful ballet operas; Isouard's beautiful old score of "*Cinderella*"; Boieldieu's "*La Dame Blanche*"; Nessler's "*Pied Piper of Hamelin*"; Reinecke's fairy opera "*Good and Bad Luck*"; Goldmark's "*Cricket on the Hearth*"; Weber's operas; Humperdinck's "*Hänsel and Gretel*"; Kienzl's "*Evangelimann*"; and perhaps "*Der Fliegende Holländer*."

in its methods; in short, that it must, at each stage, be a resultant of forces acting within the English nation, and having as their source the English mind and conscience."¹ From round and catch, from ballad and glee, to a new school of the English lyric stage, could well prove a natural and national evolution, the outcome of which need not fear continental scrutiny and criticism.

A. E. KEETON.

¹ "Educational Reform." Fabian Ware, 1900.

“SPORTING TERMS IN COMMON SPEECH”

MERRY ENGLAND—game-loving England—has imported into the language of everyday life a number of phrases and expressions, which have become so common that their origin is forgotten, and which are often misunderstood and travestied because of this very forgetfulness.

It has occurred to me to collect some of these expressions and to dwell a little upon the changes which they have gone through as they have passed from mouth to mouth. Probably those who read this paper will be able to recollect many more. The number is indeed surprising; and equally surprising in many cases is the distance that in its long journey through the generations the phrase has travelled from its original application, and the strange connections in which it is now found.

I will begin with outdoor games; and foremost among these are those which are played with a ball flying through the air.

First in antiquity and dignity combined is the game played with the ball and the palm of the hand—the “*jeu de la paume*,”—a game in which as time goes on the bat or the racket takes the place of the hand as a propeller—fives, bat fives, rackets, tennis, lawn tennis.

“Serve him out” is now a completely vulgar phrase, learned we may suppose by servants from their masters who played tennis, and scarcely understood till lawn tennis made tennis a

popular game, and we learnt that a rival might be beaten on the service only and the game won without his having had a chance.

"Put him out" came from the game as played in the other way, as we knew it at fives or rackets. In lawn tennis and I suppose also in tennis proper, the set is the unit, each player has the service for a game; but in fives or racquets the game is the unit and the player must be "in" and serve before he can score. This survives in lawn tennis in the rule that "deuce" must be followed by "vantage" to win the game.

Imagine one who has his chance and before he can score he is "put out." Some might derive this phrase from cricket, but I incline to the older game.

To whichever source you attribute it, to the same you will trace the phrase "he has had his innings."

"Love" we know is l'œuf, the round O like an egg chalked up by the marker—the schoolboy's "out with a duck's egg." Is "all for love" all for nothing?

"Deuce" is de unx, one ounce off the total, one off game, I suspect that originally he who was in the position to score had to announce that he had only one more to make as a warning to his adversary, as in rackets it was when I was a boy a *sine quâ non* to say "Game ball" when serving what might be the last time, or as "check" at chess. It is not to be confounded with the Deuce at backgammon which is only some foreign word for two.

But did either Deuce become a substitute for the Devil and so an escape valve for the temper in lieu of profane swearing, as some say "Darn it" or "Dash it," or the American woman in the New England stories say "Lard sakes" for "Lord's sake"? I have heard it so suggested.

Professor Skeat it is true in his Dictionary says that it is but a vulgarised Norman oath "Deus" God.

But the Deuce is the opposite. It is almost now a synonym with the Devil, and many think it is as profane to say "Deuce take it" as to use some stronger language.

Yet another possible phrase taken from this group of games is "Palm it off." Does this mean "Return the unpleasant ball," to drop which is to lose? or, is the association with some tricks of jugglery?

Then there are the games of ball with clubs or sticks. I am not aware that the barbarous language of golf has yet written itself into English current speech; but the time will come.

Meanwhile, let us think of the game played in the Mall, and the "palle magli," balls and mallets, from whence we not only get the street of venerable clubs, and of the War Office, that place of order (!); but the "pell-mell," which spells confusion.

Enthusiasts for cricket will perhaps claim one or two of the phrases which I have attributed to other games: but at any rate they can have "scored off," the proper accusative to which verb is "his bowling," though now the phrase is used in all sorts of metaphorical senses.

"Stumped." "I stumped him with that question." "He was utterly stumped." The additional words show how far the primitive meaning has been forgotten.

"Scratched" can be used in connection with a match that is off, or of a competitor in any athletic contest.

The name is "scratched out of the list."

"Coming up to the scratch" is quite a different expression, probably derived from duelling. It is used by Sir Walter Scott in "St. Ronan's Well."

Now the phrase is applied to any young man who gives up anything which he had proposed to himself, from an examination to a dinner-party.

From the ball that flies I come to the ball or bowl that rolls. First in bowls.

We know the "Bias" French *biais*, which prevents the bowl from running straight on. How natural to use the metaphor to describe the deflection of justice. It should have gone straight on, but has been overweighted and has turned to the right hand or the left.

A century to a century and a half ago the Court of King's Bench in its supervision of inferior Courts and Magistrates was frequently setting aside judgments on the ground of some bias exhibited by the Bench. Now the lesson has been so well learnt that occasions are few, The law books, however, not only speak of the substantive "bias" but make a verb "to be biased." I read also of "an *unconscious* bias." In later and subtler times it is sometimes recognised that a Magistrate after all is a man, and may or must have a natural leaning in a case where, say, religion or morality or local patriotism speak loudly. Hence complaint is not now made unless the verb be qualified, "he was unduly biased."

"He who plays at bowls must look out for rubs." Hence, "Ay, there's the rub"—there the shoe pinches. In a sermon lately I heard this phrase closely followed by another taken also from a game, "A man is soon bowled over."

Bowls is a constructive game. But nine pins, kittle-pins (as they were called in Charles I.'s time) or Skittles, is a destructive game, and the pieces are "bowled over."

Life is not "all beer and skittles," not an invariable round of commonplace and somewhat earthy enjoyment.

There are yet other games of throwing. From Quoits I get:

"To lie over," when the quoit just bites the ground in front of the previously winning one and leans back over it in a sort of half triumphant manner.

No doubt in Whist and Bridge the phrase occurs in a potential rather than an actual sense of victory, where the next player has the higher cards in a suit. But these more artificial expressions may well have been borrowed from quoits.

To "chip in" may possibly come from curling. When a curling-stone glances off another it is said "to chip," and when the glance brings the stone to rest in the winning side, it is said to "chip and lie." Hence, if the way to the circle is closely barred and the only way of entrance is by chipping, the

unwelcome new-comer may be said "to chip in." But a more probable derivation would assign this expression to the game of poker. Counters in America and Canada are universally known as "chips." Before playing his hand a poker-player is required to subscribe so many counters to the pool, otherwise to "chip in." The expression in ordinary usage is a commonplace on the other side of the Atlantic, meaning to "take a hand in," and has no implication of cutting things close, which the curling derivation would seem to suggest.

"Cut in" is used in somewhat the same sense; but I would rather derive this phrase from cards.

I turn now to Indoor games. Chess has the palm of antiquity and dignity.

"Check" is said to be "Shak," a variation of "Shah," "Your king," "mind your king"—the kind of courteous warning that an adversary should give. "Check-mate," the King is mat (Arabic) dead. My authority for these statements is Professor Skeat.

How far we have gone from the original meaning when we use such metaphorical phrases as "The force of the stream," "the force of the invading army, was checked," "the hounds came to a check," "I checked his rashness," or "checked him for his folly."

More strange still to say "His adversary checkmated him," as if "to checkmate" were a verb.

From check we get "the chequer board," "the exchequer," and a "chequered (checkered) career."

"Brings up his last piece"—calls out his reserves—a friend gives me a quotation from Theocritus, describing some parallel game then in vogue.

καὶ τὸν ἀπὸ γραμμᾶς κινεῖ λίθον¹

"A good move." The institution of a convalescent hospital or of a *crèche* was a "good move"—far away from the original idea.

¹ "Theocritus," 6, 17.

From cards we get "show your hand," "jouons cartes sur table," "he followed suit," to "discard" a policy, to behave "like a dummy," "I scored a point," then "I—(it) turned up trumps—obvious enough, except that the "it" in the last phrase shows that the original meaning is slipping away.

But "I bested him," a favourite phrase in certain circles, is, I am sure, used without an idea of its origin. It is not ungrammatical for "I got the better of him." It has nothing to do with "best."

In the game of the first half of the eighteenth century, the game played in the Rape of the Lock, the game to which we owe the prominence of the ace of spades in every pack, a prominence which singles it out for paying stamp duty, Ombre, with its varieties—tredille and quadrille—there is on each deal one player, called "the man," the (h) ombre, who undertakes to win. One of three events may follow: he may win and get the stake, one of the other players may beat him and get the equivalent of the stakes from him, or one of the other players may equal him, and then the stakes go to the pool.

In this last case the ombre receives a "puesta," in old English the "beaste"; or he is "bested" or "beasted."¹

Richard Seymour, in his work ("The Court Gamester," 1722), has chapters on "the beaste." He speaks of a man "as beasted," "to beaste the ombre." In his book any kind of forfeit for any mistake in the game comes to be called a "beasting." If Lord Aldenham were to consent to publish his interesting and scholarly book on ombre (at present only privately printed), the laws of the puesta would become generally known.

"He went up a peg"—should not this be "his peg went up"—in the course of marking at cribbage?

A friend suggests that "It's not good enough," comes from some American game of cards, probably like "to go one better" is from poker, and its use as a metaphor is obvious and simple enough.

¹ It is called "basting" in Mrs. Gaskell's "Crawford," chap vii.

"To lie over" has been mentioned under the head of quoits.

"To cut in" required no explanation when every one played whist. Too many persons willing to play, all cut and those who cut the lowest cards "cut in" and play. At the end of the rubber the process is renewed, and a bystander may "cut in" and oust one of the previous players.

The Dowager Lady Toucan first cut in
With old Doctor Buzzard and Admiral Penguin.¹

Dice gives us the phrase "Within an ace of." Within an ace of victory or of defeat.

But how shall we express such "all butness" in a game where two dice are used, as in backgammon?

In the trial of one of the victims of the alleged Popish plot, the barrister, Richard Langbourne, the villainous Titus Oates alleged that Langbourne gave him private interviews with all precautions against Mrs. Langbourne's knowing, because she was "Ames Ace turned from the Devil."²

That is, as the new English dictionary explains, only two aces removed from, all but.

Other instances of the expression are given, though the phrase is rare, and as a term in the game has gone out of use. A friend remembers his grandparents playing backgammon and saying "Ames ace" when the two aces turned up. Ames is, of course, the Latin *ambo* as altered in one of the Romance languages—but which? Ace sounds French—"as"; but "ames," if French, is obsolete. From what country do we get the game, and from what language are the other numbers taken, "deuce" (which I have mentioned already) "tre quater cinq" (which I saw lately printed in a book as *sinq*), and "size"? Many of them seem most like Portuguese.

"Backgammon"—sometimes called "the tables," French *tric trac*, is said to be as old as the tenth century. From it also come the phrases to "make a point," to "hit the blot,"

¹ From "The Peacock at Home," 27th edition, 1815, now out of print

² "State Trials," vol. vii. p. 436.

possibly to "make a hit,"¹ a "hit" being a game. While if I win before my adversary has taken off any of his men, I win a "gammon," equal to two "hits," or with the English way of turning a noun into a verb, I "gammon him," make him look foolish. Hence "to gammon" means to hoax.

Sporting phrases proper are probably taken in great numbers into our ordinary speech.

I can think at this moment of "stoop to." In hawking the falcon stooped upon or to her game, and a well-trained bird only stooped to noble game. Hence, only partially understanding the expression, we now say, "I would not stoop to this," and "She stoops to conquer."

Yacht-racing gives us the expression, "take the wind out of her sails," when the cunning yachtsman passes close to windward of his adversary.

Possibly also it is the grudge of the defeated competitor that has given the flavour of a bad meaning to "sailing near the wind." It should be a term of the highest praise, implying pure skill of eye and hand. "On the wrong tack" requires no explanation.

Horse-racing has given us the verb "to jockey," used, unfortunately, always in a bad sense.

However the victory is brought about, the horse which wins by a length can be said to "show a clean pair of heels"; and the metaphor can be applied to all sorts of competitions, physical and intellectual.

A friend suggests that contrariwise when the contest is so close that it is difficult to say which horse has won, it may be said to be a case of "neck or nothing." But that well-known phrase comes from the Courts of Justice, and specially from the days when most crimes were capital, and there was no alternative between a verdict carrying a sentence of death and one which set the prisoner free. For its use in later days students are referred to Hicks' "Reminiscences," and the tale of the Cornish Jury.

¹ This phrase is more probably taken from Fencing. See later on.

Fencing, the peculiar athletic sport of gentlemen, gives many phrases to our language :

"A hit—a palpable hit."

"To parry a question," or "fence with it."

"A home thrust."

"A counter."

"To be off one's guard." This is one of those phrases that became so common that the original meaning is forgotten, and modifications are made as if the original had not been metaphorical. This I showed in the case of "stumped."

As a man is on guard to protect his body, so, metaphorically, he may be on guard during a conversation to protect his mind, not to disclose or expose his thoughts, and if he does by some remark express his mind, he unguards himself. This remark should be called "an unguarding remark," but we forget the origin of the expression, and call it "an unguarded" one.

Rowing is responsible for the phrase, "put your back into it," which would have represented the height of scientific teaching when I was young. I suppose the modern coach would say "use your legs." Anyhow, the phrase is expressive enough, and the origin has probably not yet been forgotten.

Lastly, pugilism. As men and boys who peruse the Saturday football edition may never play the game, so at school we used to peruse with eager interest the prize-fights described in *Bell's Life in London*, the great sporting weekly paper of that day. Then we used to read of the backer who gave the champion his knee and sponged his wounds, till at last one of the two had to give in, and then his backer owned defeat by "chucking up the sponge."

"To chuck up the sponge," or "to chuck it up," are phrases used by many who never guessed their origin.

Oddly enough, in the slang that I hear now, a person is said to have "jacked it up." Is it that men have heard of "chucking it up" with such entire want of knowledge of what

it means that they have supposed the phrase to relate to a feat in engineering ?

It is a pity when the origin of phrases is obscured. The obscurity of origin creates an obscurity of meaning, and they lose much of their sharpness and freshness.

I believe that there are many more phrases which can be elucidated in a similar manner, and I hope that my list will be suggestive.

WALTER G. F. PHILLIMORE.

THE WAYSIDE IN SWEDEN

MUCH ridicule and contempt has been cast upon those audacious people who, after a short visit to a country, venture to write not only upon the sights they have seen, but upon the customs and history and character of the people. Not content with this, they form opinions and express them too upon subjects which those who have lived in the country for years would not venture upon. In defence of such audacious people I will relate two experiences of mine in Sweden which will show that, however slight our qualifications for the task may be, at least they are as good or better than those of the ancient residents in question.

Provided with a letter of introduction, I called upon a gentleman in Stockholm who was a Swede and head of a large shipping firm. He having been kind enough to inquire what he could do for me, I asked to be put in the way of seeing the interesting sights. He replied that he had no idea that any such existed in Stockholm, and on my suggesting such things as the *Codex Aureus*, the relics of the Stone Age, and the site of the famous or infamous Blood Bath, he said he had never heard of such things, and had not a notion where they were to be found. This brought to my mind that when I was an undergraduate at Oxford I did not know where the Bodleian was until a visitor from London took me to see it.

My other experience was equally surprising. I went to the opera in Stockholm, and was given a programme, of course in Swedish. Besides the cast it contained the plot of *La*

Traviata, which I found it rather difficult to make out. However, a gentleman with some ladies took his seat in front of me and began to talk to his companions in English. I wrote on my programme that I was an indifferent Swedish scholar, and should be so gratified if he would write me the outline of the plot. He kindly came and sat by me, and told me that although he was Consul for — in Stockholm he knew very little of the language, but would help me to make it out. Of our combined efforts I will say no more than that, little as I knew of Swedish, I certainly knew more than he did, though he told me that he had been more years in the country than I had been weeks.

It would seem, therefore, that the ability to tell about a country can hardly be measured by the length of time a man has been in it.

I walked across Sweden between April 28 and May 20 of this year. I landed at Gothenburg, but did not take the direct route to Stockholm, but turned northward that I might include Upsala in my way. The distance was as nearly as possible 500 miles, and as I walked every day, except on Sundays, and besides only took one day off to see the sights in old Upsala, it will be found my average daily tramp was thirty-one miles. This is a very high average, and is a testimony to the kindness of the climate, to the shade by the roadside, and to the fact that the food and drink just suited the walker. My habit was to start about eight in the morning, and I was quite content if I reached my hotel about seven in the evening, giving me eleven hours in the open air, which enabled me to do my tale of miles as well as to look at such objects of special interest as I came across. What I want to bring out in the following pages, is how far such a walk enabled me to become acquainted with the history of the country and with the prevailing manners and customs. Also, how far I was able to pick up the language, and how far such a walk would open and improve the mind of any who would seek to follow in my steps, either in Sweden, or in any other country.

The famous admiral who surprised his superiors by his readiness to go to the other side of the world at a quarter of an hour's notice, has his equal in the ordinary pedestrian, who practically has no preparation to make at all. The older his clothes the better. A pair of worn but well-fitting boots, and the few necessities he can transfer from his dressing-table to his knapsack, make him ready to start. As my pockets were large enough to carry a book, I filled them with a Swedish grammar and a cyclist's map. My knapsack and contents weighed ten pounds and a half, and thus equipped I stepped ashore at Gothenburg.

With three exceptions I have passed the frontiers of every European country, but never did I feel so like going into the wilderness as when I entered Sweden. First there was the question of language. Thackeray tells us that the founder of the Königsmark family was a Swede, and was sent as an ambassador to the court of Louis XIV. He had prepared a speech to be read to the king when he presented his credentials, but when the critical moment arrived he found he had forgotten his speech, and so far from being disconcerted he repeated a portion of the Swedish catechism, relying upon the likelihood that none present would know Swedish. It is probable that an ambassador to-day might perpetrate a similar fraud with equal impunity. If that be so, where knowledge of foreign languages is part of the business, how little likelihood is there that I, a country parson, should possess the accomplishment. So I was anxious on that score.

A glance at my map showed me what a great country Sweden was, how thinly populated, and how few and far between the towns were. I saw my first day's walk would mean forty miles before I reached a town, although I kept near the coast, where towns are most plentiful. What if I failed to reach a place of sufficient size to have a bed to let, and I should have to ask hospitality at the nearest farmhouse! The experience of a friend of mine in such circumstances was not

encouraging. He was benighted and found his way to a farmhouse, where he was warmly welcomed and promised a bed. When bedtime came he discovered there were no bedrooms, and nothing we should call a bed. Round the walls of the one room were built a number of small cupboards resembling an oven, and into one of these my friend had to creep, clothes and all.

To these anxieties was added another at the office where I changed some money. Acting on my experience in other countries, I supposed English sovereigns would pass everywhere, and all I should want would be a supply of small change. The clerk, noticing my walking attire, asked me if I was going far, and on telling him my destination, he told me I had better take a larger supply of Swedish money, as in out-of-the-way places the people might not know the value of an English sovereign. I followed his advice, but his words had their effect on me, for a place where English gold was not known must be outside civilisation.

There are positions in life which the more one looks at the less one likes, so as this was one of them, I did that which I have ever tried to do with the difficulties of life, that is, I face them and they disappear.

There are so many guide-books and histories of every country, and so accessible are they to every reader who wants them, that there is no need for me to add to their number. I set myself to the task of jotting down what befell me as I walked by the wayside, how the manners of the people whom I met impressed me, how much of the language I was able to acquire, and what were the most interesting sights which met my eye.

To begin with the wayside itself, I never trod viler roads than those of Sweden, and I have sampled those of most European countries. This was strange, for the roads in other parts of Scandinavia, Norway, and Denmark, leave nothing to be desired. Perhaps one reason is that Sweden possesses such excellent water-ways that there is little use for the ordinary

roads except between village and village, and for the haulage of timber from the forest to the canal. I learnt, also, that the good roads of Denmark date from the days of Christian II. (1513-23), which was just the time when Sweden regained its independence, and so missed the beneficent decrees about road-making issued by that king. When approaching the capital I found some attempts at road-mending, but as the material used was rough granite, I merely exchanged King Stork for King Log. In the first part of my journey the road was simply a sandy track through primeval forests, and it was only possible to walk on the edge, the rest being as soft as incessant rains could make it. If the roads were bad, it was not likely the milestones would be good. I made out that originally each stone bore the royal cypher, the date it was put up, and the distance from the next important town, but the figure I wanted was invariably obliterated, and the only thing I could make out was the year 1707, when the stone was erected. As next year will complete two hundred years' service, it may be suggested it is time to have new ones. What I failed to make out from the stones I learnt from the courtesy of the passers-by, when I was fortunate enough to meet one. However, long practice has given me such a good idea of the lie of the country, and of the position of the place I am making for that I rarely need to ask my way, and practically all across Sweden I never took a wrong turn. The chief towns I passed through were Mariestad, Orebro, Westeras, Upsala, and so to Stockholm.

1. John Stuart Mill says few people learn anything from history except those who bring a great deal to it. I won't say that I should have learnt the history of Sweden simply by walking across it, but having learnt the outline, I filled in a great deal by simply keeping my eyes open. The modern history of Sweden might be said to begin with that Blood Bath of Stockholm, to which allusion already has been made, when in 1520, the last Danish king who reigned over the Swedes, Christian II., had ninety Swedish nobles executed in

the market-place. Among them was the father of Gustavus Vasa, who, as soon as he reached man's estate, set about obtaining the independence of his country. No one could notice the statues of Sweden without seeing he was the nation's hero. The absence of any place recalling a famous battle reminds one of Sweden's position outside the battle-ground of Europe, and if we inquire of the fields where the Swedes made themselves a name as soldiers, they must be sought in Germany and Russia. To the stranger in Sweden there seems no outward signs of any religion except the Lutheran, which is the Established Church of the country, and when Gustavus Vasa adopted the reformed religion, the people with one consent agreed that what was good enough for their King was good enough for them, and they never had a martyr to correspond to our Ridley and Latimer, or even to our Wycliff. For centuries the rule which is said to have accounted for the prosperity of Venice, that no ecclesiastic was ever allowed to interfere in State affairs, held good in Sweden, and nowhere will the traveller notice more respect paid to the clergy. The intensely Protestant character of the services are such as one would expect when it is remembered the Lion of the North, Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, came to the help of the Lutheran princes of Germany and turned the scale in their favour. It would not be natural to expect that Sweden could have interfered much in the affairs of Europe, and only the genius of Charles XII., displayed in the very nick of time, could have made the mark it did. For the rest, the friendship of Count Fersen for Marie Antoinette, and the choice of Bernadotte, one of Napoleon's generals, to fill the vacant position of heir to the childless Charles XIII., have alone brought the name of Sweden into the page of European politics. As I crossed Sweden, the burying-place of Count Fersen was pointed out to me, and as he was torn to pieces by the mob on the death of the last heir of the monarchy, the whole of the circumstances under which a way to the throne was made for the French marshal was brought before me.

The loyalty of the Swedes to their king, alien though the dynasty is, was apparent in every conversation I had; and his strict adhesion to constitutional rule was never displayed by any monarch more plainly than in the recent affair which led to the severance of Norway from Sweden.

The king's sons bear the titles of dukes, and here and there are residences which you are told belongs to a count, but the title is an empty one, except as denoting high birth, and I heard the phrase that a count who cannot count (money) counts for nothing. All hereditary posts of honour have disappeared, except among the royal family.

With ordinary intelligence one is able to see how many traces of the old religious belief of Sweden are still to be found among us. Outside Upsala are shown the burial mounds of Wodin, Thor, and Freya, from whom we derive the names of three of the days of our week. One learns there also the reason of the aversion from horseflesh now felt by most of us, for in early days, when an apostate forsook Christianity and sacrificed again to Odin, he signalled it by partaking of horseflesh which was looked upon as a solemn sacrament in the worship of that god. Most people will have heard that the dreaded Viking ships displayed the sign of the raven, but in an old temple of the Asar, or lesser gods, still standing at Upsala, one learns that the raven was the special bird of Odin, and whispered into his ear all the occurrences on earth.

2. It may require some previous knowledge to put together such outlines of the nation's history as present themselves, but only the open eye is necessary to see the manners and customs of to-day, and the open ear to hear and master the intricacies of the language. Almost the first thing which will strike a stranger is the general level of the people and the utter absence of the wealthy classes. Everybody seems intent upon their business, and there is no sign of a class with sufficient leisure even to read. I won't say there is no literary class, but I cannot imagine it is a large one for in the windows of such

few booksellers' shops as I saw, the stock consisted chiefly of translations from Thackeray, Guy Thorne, and W. W. Jacobs, and the serial story running through the newspaper I bought was one by Alexander Dumas, aîné. If there is no leisured class at one end of the social scale, there are no "loafers" at the other, for I saw no one in rags, and was never begged of.

Wordsworth's child, who paid twopence to learn manners, was the exception in England, but is the rule in Sweden. I never saw such a well-behaved people. Of course, the best test of politeness is where you are least likely to find it, that is, among boys. Among well-bred people it is taken for granted. On a country road I noticed all boys took off their caps as they passed me, a perfect stranger, and even when I have walked near a school during the play-hour, when boys are generally inclined to be frolicsome, yet they lined the walls and took off their caps as I passed. The Swedish poet Tegner has some touching lines as to how his countrymen never forgot their manners in their misery. When they sent forth their youth to fight for the hare-brained schemes of Charles XII. they set the sails of their windmills going (they had no grist to grind), and so waved farewell to the departing warriors. In the refreshment rooms of hotels and railway stations, where every one helps himself, it might be supposed that greedy habits would prevail, and all the best things be consumed by the first comers, but the supply is so abundant and the company so well behaved that I never observed a breach of good manners in this respect. Never did I see a notice answering to our "Trespassers beware" or "No road this way." Perhaps they are not necessary among a people who are too sensible to do wilful damage, and too independent to intrude where they are not wanted.

A walker across a country will have no great opportunity of observing family life, but he will be in the best position for observing all methods for the entertaining of strangers. The fact that one of their favourite kings bears the title of Magnus Barn-lock, from the edict he issued allowing peasants to lock

their barns against great travellers until they paid for what they took, suggests that trouble in this direction is of long standing. The vast size of Sweden, and the small population, would not make an inn in every village remunerative. Yet in a climate so severe some provision must be made for the traveller, and so the office of keeping the guest-house is taken up in turn by the villagers, like that of guardian or overseer of the poor among ourselves. The holder of the office may give it up at the end of the year, and therefore will not be anxious to turn his house into a regular inn, so entertains his chance guests as best he can. Of course, every fair-sized town has its hotel, but every village must have its guest-house, and the difference between the two will be evident if I describe a visit to the latter. The sign-post at certain cross-roads bore the direction of a village *Gästgivergård*. As the day was very hot, and I had walked thirty miles, the reader will appreciate how keen was my eye for any sign of a place where I might wash and eat and pass the night. Yet I explored the little village of thirty houses in vain for what I wanted. At last I made known my dilemma to two men who were passing, who pointed me out a private house, which they told me was the one I was in search of. I knocked at the door, and being bidden to enter, found myself in a large room full of girls who were busy dress-making. In the best Swedish I could muster I addressed a question to no one in particular as to whether I could have a room there for the night. "Yes," said one of them, "come in." A girl left the room and fetched an elderly woman, who bade me welcome, and took me up to a bedroom. I asked if I could have afternoon tea at once, and supper later on. "Yes, I could," and in due time I was drinking tea on the verandah. While so engaged I was joined by a cyclist, who having had beer and bread and cheese went on his way. Soon another traveller appeared, bag in hand, who wanted a bed for the night. I was pleased to see this as I like company, and also like to see the house I am staying in well patronised, as it shows it bears a good name. At eight o'clock I went to the

dining-room, and found all the girls at supper, but the elderly woman said that if I would wait a little the girls would soon have done, and in due course, I and two other guests sat down. Next morning I left after breakfast, paying a shilling for my bed, and a shilling each for supper and breakfast. Now the point I wish to make is this: here was a house offering rest and refreshment and all that a traveller could want, and yet there was nothing to show the stranger where to get it. I daresay I passed through many a village in a starving condition where there was food in plenty to be had if only I had known it.

In Sweden it would seem that a paternal government has provided meat and drink and everything else a traveller wants, and the only thing lacking is the information where to obtain them.

One result of this inability to find a place of entertainment was, that although I walked on an average thirty-one miles a day, yet more often than not I had nothing but a quart of milk between breakfast and supper, for which I negotiated at the door of some farmhouse. The charge was only a halfpenny, and for this they would have given me as much bread as I liked, only I could not get my teeth into it. The doctors tell us that milk contains all the ingredients necessary for building up the system, and I can testify that in all my walks I never felt less weary than in Sweden.

An Englishman can put up with anything as long as a place is clean, and in Sweden cleanliness is carried to a fine art. Its practice begins at the beginning, for whereas in our infant schools, musical drill is the accompaniment to the dumb-bell exercise of the children, in Sweden the children are ranged round the room in baths, and when the music strikes up they begin to rub and scrub one another to its strains. Bathing in the lakes seemed almost universal, and it would be strange if a people so lavish with soap and water for their bodies were sparing in their houses. But they are not, and I rarely saw a dirty cloth or cup and saucer.

Though the cheapness and cleanliness of a country go

for a great deal, they are not everything, for if there be nothing to charm and interest, a visit would be dear at any price. So I put down that in the course of my walk from Gothenburg to Stockholm I saw waterfalls as fine as any in Europe. I saw the largest lake in Europe, and for the most of my time I was in a limitless forest. It is true that places of historical interest are rare, and I passed no famous battle-fields, and no relics of saints, and looked upon no pictures worth mentioning. However there was plenty to charm one, for the song-birds of the country are unsurpassed. The month of May, during which I was in Sweden, ranks second in the year for the sweetness of the birds' notes, and if there be a connection (as Longfellow's poem asserts) between human and feathered songsters, the furore excited by the Swedish nightingale in the days of my youth is easily accounted for.

Having referred to the sounds I heard, I next chronicle my disappointment at not seeing the sight I longed for, that is the sight of the women and the girls in their native costume. I saw a few native costumes in Norway, occasionally in church, more often in the hotels, but neither in hotel nor church did I see any such in Sweden, though I walked miles on a Sunday to attend a country service, as more likely to supply the sight of one.

By taking pains my ear got accustomed to the sound of Swedish words, and I could generally make out the subject of the conversation going on around me. I could make out the subject of the sermon, and better still the notices of sales and public meetings which the pastor gave out at the end of the service. I also made out the only news telegraphed from London, the price of oil, and the state of the funds.

In the course of my journey I confided to a Swedish gentleman that I had a wife and children at home, and should wish to take them back some little memento of the country. What was Sweden specially noted for ?

My companion thought a moment or two and then replied "Explosives."

In turn I nearly exploded with laughter at the bare idea of taking a bomb or two in my knap-sack as a present for my babes, and then begged him to tell me of something more feasible.

But no, he could think of nothing but timber, lucifer matches and paper pulp. There is some excellent machinery made in the country, and Sweden has almost a monopoly of the telephone manufacture, and their stoves are simply unsurpassed. Yet none of these things suggest those little courtesies of life which characterise other nations, and which tend by interchange of civilities to keep alive good feeling.

Meat and drink are most important considerations, especially to pedestrian or cyclist or any one who takes much exercise. After my first day's walk, it was nearly eight at night before I entered my hotel, and after the necessary preliminaries I was searching for the dining-room.

It must ever strike an Englishman as strange when first he enters a Swedish matsal. For instead of finding the guests seated and expectant, he sees them all walking about with food in their fingers to which they have helped themselves. The two principal Swedish meals always begin with smorgas, that is, the diner takes a slice of bread and helps himself from the dishes of dainty snacks which stand on the table in the centre of the room. He will have his choice of caviare, anchovies, sardines, salt beef, reindeer, tongue and such like cold morsels, and he will take a nip from the urn of spirits which stands in the centre of the table, and the price of which is included in the dinner. Generally a man will sample three or four of the dishes, after which he will sit down to table, and the business of the meal begins. Swedish cookery leaves nothing to be desired so far as they have anything to cook, but an Englishman will miss his vegetables and his fruit. It we except Stockholm, where everything can be had for money, the traveller will not find any vegetables in May beyond potatoes, and only on the rarest occasions will he even get a piece of rhubarb. I asked why jam was not more frequently

seen, and was told the high duty on sugar, which amounted to twopence a pound, made the preserving of such fruit as grew in Sweden unremunerative. Beer was the general drink at dinner as milk was at breakfast.

The first Sunday I was in Sweden was a pouring wet day. I noticed that in most places the church was some way out of the village, and at Trollhattan it was about half a mile away. I got there in good time, which was fortunate, for subsequently it was crowded, even to the extent of having fainting ladies, for whom, as I sat near the door, I got some water. All the seats were free, the sexes were divided, but, wonder of wonders, the men's side was so crowded out that they overflowed and filled any vacant seats among the women. There was no collection.

3. As to the general impressions of a country, I am of opinion that no one is in so good a position to form them as a walker. Take the question of population for instance. Such a day's walk as I had between Westeras and Sala would make a greater impression and give a more correct one than if I had committed to memory the population of every town and village I passed. I walked twenty-seven miles that day without seeing so much as a hamlet. I saw one man resting by the roadside and four sellers of milk passed me in their carts, and beside them there was not a soul. A shower of rain drove me into an inn for shelter, and I found the guest-room full of washing. The landlady told me she had not had a caller for days, and so determined on a big wash before callers became more frequent. I asked for soda-water, and she kept me waiting ten minutes while she went to look, for it was so long since she had been asked for such a thing.

The King of Sweden returned to Stockholm one day when I was there. As one is so accustomed to hear of precautions for royal safety, I was pleased to take note where they are not necessary. As the royal train approached it slowed down, and the King coming to the carriage window waved his greetings to his people. I had expected the traffic to be stopped and

the way to be cleared, but not even for the entrance of their King must the business of the people be suspended for a minute. Not a tram-car ceased running, and I noticed some carts full of building rubbish blocked the royal way. Every Tuesday the King receives any one who likes to call and see him. The interview is quite private, and the visitor may have some favour to ask, or some grievance to bring forward, or he may simply wish to make the royal acquaintance. Such a state of things could only exist in a country like Sweden, for in Russia the revolutionaries would come with bombs in their pockets, and in England the rush of snobs to get near a king would be such that a royal life would not be long enough to receive them all.

Few are better circumstanced than the pedestrian for appreciating the effect of habit on the life of a people. The Swedes work hard, for the main products of their country suggest that nothing but hard work will make anything out of them. However, the working powers of a nation more often depend on personal habits than anything else. When I went to Portugal the captain of my steamer told me the habit of cigarette smoking made it impossible to get a good day's work out of a native, for he rolled his own cigarette (out of your time, of course), and it wanted so much adjusting, lighting and re-lighting as took at least twenty minutes out of every hour. In Sweden the working classes take snuff, a habit which I know will lend itself to any amount of interruption, if you let it, but which can be kept under proper control. Then the limit placed on the number of houses where intoxicants are sold, a limit carried (as we have seen) to the verge of inconvenience to travellers, also cuts off those opportunities for idleness and gossip so fatal to excellent and sustained work.

The people in Sweden are so healthy that the number of doctors is strictly limited. I believe a similar rule applies to dentists. Both doctors and dentists periodically examine the children in the schools, and nip in the bud every incipient

disease of the body and of the teeth. To the care bestowed on the latter I attribute the ability of even their elderly people to eat the hard rye bread, which I tried in vain to masticate.

Such are some of the main features which lie on the surface of the life of a country, and my endeavour has been to show that the man who walks is in the best position to see them.

A. N. COOPER.